

OAKLAND WINS THE WEST | KENTUCKY BEATS INDIANA

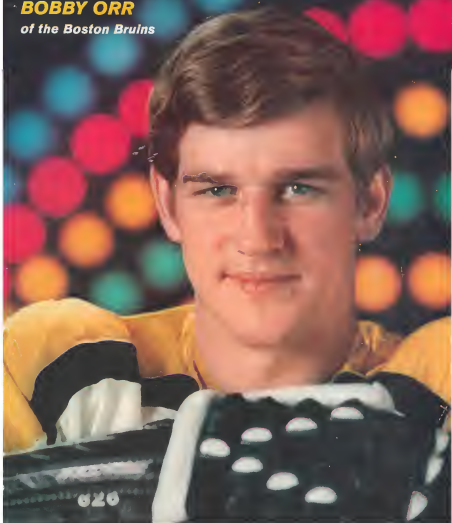
Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 21, 1970 60 CENTS

Sportsman of the Year

BOBBY ORR

of the Boston Bruins







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CHRYSLER



**Coming
Through.**

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A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

New York Life Insurance Company



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The Next Issue

(dated Jan. 4, 1971)

COUNTDOWN to Super Bowl begins this weekend as six division champs plus two of the runners-up strive in the NFL's tangled playoff scrap. Tom Meade unravels and reports.

SMOOTH JOHN ROCHE is college basketball's slickest guard, a fast gun and a superb passer. Curry Kirkpatrick assesses this Jerry West-like Yankee on Carolina's court.

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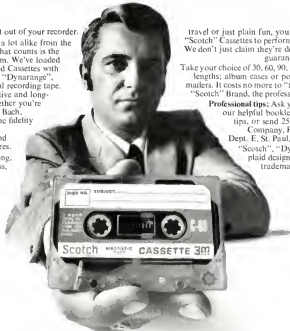
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BOOKTALK

College, football, war, and all, makes good reading in Dan Jenkins' latest volume

Dan Jenkins is somewhere between 35 and 7,000 years old. He is the best sportswriter I know at college football, golf and skiing, and I guess the only reason he's not the best at baseball is because he couldn't be bothered writing about it.

To my knowledge, no one has ever seen Jenkins write. No one has ever seen him carrying a typewriter — or making a note, for that matter. Some say that he goes down to this old tree with a hole in it one hour after every game and a little guy with a green hat reaches up and hands him his story.

Certainly Dan reads as if he was written half by Jose and half by a leprechaun. Granddaddy called the Notre Dame backer old "The Four Horsemen," but only Jenkins would have named them as "Harry Persimmon, Don Lamine, Sleepy Jim Devotion and Elmer War." He has such a nice ear and feel for the ridiculous that only Dan Jenkins could have kept you entertained — as he does in his new book, *Saturday's America* (Little, Brown, \$5.95) for 23 pages with the description of two Texas cowboys taking in three college football games and one pro game in 55 hours.

You want to know about the origin of polts, or bowl games? Dan Jenkins feeds it in you so coated in hilarity you hardly realize you are being solidly informed. You want to know about Purdue? "Turdue University is the Big Ten's contribution to ethnic jokes."

I've been to Oxford. Miss the morning of a Big Game? "This had started coming at 9 in the morning and parked in the Grove, the center of the Old Miss campus. James Meredith wasn't there so it was all right. The old men raised the trunks of their cars and lifted out folding chairs, hammocks, tables, quilts and keyboards. And whiskey bottles. The women uncovered huge bagels of fried chicken and sandwiches. Young girls wiggled through the trees in their stall handers, checking girls and giggling. Young men looked at them and said, 'Dammed if I wouldn't read a little water for that 'un over there'."

What other football book you going to find Shirley MacLaine doing an end-around? Dan Jenkins calls it *Saturday's America* but there's an awful lot of Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday-and-Friday America in there, too. And it's high-order literature as modern as the Information, as readable as *Bonhides*, as timeless as truth. Jenkins just tells it without surprise, indignation, chagrin, regret, sorrow or awe. He keeps his cool and covers his game like a quarterback who knows his receivers will open up sooner or later. And he never scrambles.

—JOE MORRIS

Homer
Toulouse-Lautrec
John Milton
Charles Proteus Steinmetz
Ray Charles
Alexander Pope
Beethoven
Franklin Delano Roosevelt
Helen Keller
George Shearing

You've just read ten good reasons to hire the handicapped.

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1 oz. Cream

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GALLIANO MIST

Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Liqueur Galliano over ice and squeeze $\frac{1}{4}$ section fresh lime into glass. Drop lime shell in. Stir and serve.

HARVEY WALLBANGER

Fill tall glass with ice cubes
Fill $\frac{3}{4}$ full with orange juice
Add 1 oz. Vodka. Stir
Float $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Liqueur Galliano on top.

GALLIANO DAIQUIRI

$\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Liqueur Galliano
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Light Rum
Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lime
1 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar
Add one cup crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds.

Fond of things Italiano?
Try a drink with Galliano.





Can Americans survive

There's one major problem with the 4-day work week — the 3-day weekend.

Too many of us throw away our leisure time, simply because we're not aware of all the things we could be doing. We spend more time than we'd like flat on our backs, watching TV, lolling around on a beach, or collapsed on a hammock in the back yard.

So, if the 4-day week comes, Americans will have to look hard for a way to fill what could be a debilitating 3-day vacuum. And American industry will have a chance to satisfy an enormously expanded leisure-time market.

At Olin, we've begun to work on this in two ways. One, by educating the public to the opportunities for fulfilling non-work. Two, by providing products and services to meet leisure-time needs.

Our educational arm is Winchester Press, one of the few presses in the world devoted exclusively to recreational (principally outdoor) activities. To complement this, Olin has an interest in Harbinger Productions, a film com-



a four-day work week?

pany which will do the same job as our press in the audio-visual field.

As to products and services—our subsidiary, the Olin Ski Company, manufactures quality skis in Switzerland and the U.S. and markets them internationally—we have a major position in the camping equipment field—we're one of the leading makers of tents—we're in the midst of expanding Winchester® Adventures into a total sport and adventure travel service, which will include camera safaris, river running expeditions, skin diving, skiing and wilderness trips.

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To this can be added our century-long involvement in recreational shooting, hunting and game conservation.

In short, we're off to a good start in a burgeoning field.

So if the 4-day work week ever comes, the 3-day vacuum won't. **Olin**



Lou Hinton got an extra holiday bonus this year.



First came a generous year-end bonus check from his law firm. And then Lou received a 6 lb., 8 oz. tax deduction from his wife, a genuine bonus baby boy. With all that good fortune, Lou just had to break out the holiday bottle of Harper's a little early and celebrate. The first bonus would easily cover the second.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

FADING ROSES

Newspapers had fun with it, running deadpan headlines saying DANCER'S IMAGE WINS OBBY and letting the joke lie in the fact that the result came two years and seven months after the race had been run. But as Queen Victoria once said, we are not amused. The Kentucky Derby is—or was—one of those rare sporting events that transcends its sport, and to have it tarnished by an affair like this is sad and depressing. Most disheartening is the realization that the courts have to exercise a function that properly belongs within racing. One of the basic assumptions about any organized sport is that it is self-governing; rules, discipline, punishment come from within. If the sport is misgoverned, then the required correction should come from within. When a sport demonstrates that it is weak and uncertain of its course, as racing did, it leaves itself exposed. That the 1968 Kentucky Derby contretemps was so mishandled that a court of law had to settle the affair is a disgrace to thoroughbred racing.

FIGUREHEAD

Bowie Kuhn's stature, damaged earlier in the year by his handling of Denny McLain's two suspensions, was undermined further at the annual baseball meetings this month in Los Angeles. The Baseball Commissioner had made no secret of his desire to centralize authority as Pete Rozelle has with the National Football League. But Kuhn's efforts met with total failure. He could not get Joe Cronin, president of the American League, to move that league's office to New York from Boston. Cronin has lived in Boston for 35 years and was not about to budge. Kuhn could not get Chub Feeney, president of the National League, to consider bringing his operation East from San Francisco. Feeney, who just missed becoming Commissioner himself (before Kuhn won as a surprise candidate), has made it clear that he intends to keep his office as independent

as he can make it. And Kuhn could not persuade Phil Pilon, president of the National Association, to transfer the minor league office from Columbus, Ohio to New York. The 68-year-old Pilon vociferously resisted the suggestion. The Commissioner could not even obtain an O.K. for his perfectly logical proposal to bring all major league umpires under one jurisdiction.

It is all too apparent that Kuhn is still a long way from running baseball as a Rozelle. In baseball the owners decide what will be done. They made this all too clear in Los Angeles when they effectively kept Bowie Kuhn in his place.

SWEET CHARITY

Now you can have Tom Dempsey's record-breaking 63-yard field goal in your own library. New Orleans' radio station WWL is sending a free 100-second tape of Broadcaster Al Wester's report of the moment to anyone whose order is accompanied by a \$10 check or money order made out to a favorite charity. WWL passes the money on to the charity when it mails the tape to you.

SECOND STRIKE

The pro football dispute that was settled last August has not been settled, after all, and another strike in 1971 is a distinct possibility. The NFL Players' Association and the owners supposedly agreed on a four-year contract, but the contract has not yet been signed. The owners say the pact is supposed to include coaches, trainers and equipment men; the players say, no, that the contract is with players only and that bringing in coaches and the others would cost the association \$230,000 a year. The owners won't budge, and the players' representatives won't sign.

Ken Bowman, Green Bay center who is a vice-president of the players' group, says, "I'm almost ashamed. Any union man will tell you that you don't put the workers back in the plant until it's all in black and white, with signatures from

both sides. I'm fed up. I think John Mackey (Baltimore tight end who is president of the players' association) is as irate as I am. If it isn't settled, we would withhold our services again."

DOWN TO THE SEA

An aluminum spike was driven into the wooden-ship-and-iron-men tradition the other day when Designer Olin Stephens said he expects to have an aluminum 12-meter yacht ready for the next America's Cup defense in 1973. "For all practical purposes," said Stephens, "aluminum Twelves are a foregone conclusion."

Before Stephens, or any designer, can absolutely scuttle the traditional wooden Twelves, Lloyds of London must first establish (at the request of the International Yacht Racing Union) what is called a set of scantlings—that is, rules to ensure that designers and builders will not cut corners and sacrifice strength and safety for lightness. A few years ago when the IYRU first asked this of Lloyds, the insurance group declined, saying that it would be a waste of time



and money unless there were some sort of assurance that an aluminum Twelve would actually be built. Now, apparently, there is that assurance.

For traditionalists who see the sea through a haze of wood shavings and oakum, who revere shipwrights who sculpt boats by eye and adz, the news of aluminum Twelves sits hard. But it is a plus for the future. Aluminum is stiff, strong and light, and it is con-

continued



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SCORECARD continued

paratively easy to build a boat with it, whereas finding a shipyard capable of constructing the meticulously designed 12-meter yachts from wood is about as easy as locating a live dinosaur. Further, it is versatile; as Designer Britton Chance points out, it is conceivable that with aluminum hulls the 1973 boats will have a veritable wardrobe of skins. If one doesn't seem to work right, you simply lop it off and fit on another.

Finally, aluminum is not simply a gimmick with which the New York Yacht Club hopes to retain its edge over foreign challengers. Bruno Bieh of France says his country is for the idea (his father, Baron Marcel Bieh, has announced that he will challenge again in 1973), and so is Alan Payne, who designed Australia's *Green II*. Both know that, with modern technology, everything will be fine and that what happened to L. Francis Herreshoff's *Defender* in 1895 won't happen in the 1970s. *Defender*, the first cup boat to be constructed with aluminum topodes, had a bronze bottom. When that was immersed in salt water, electrolysis turned the yacht into a kind of huge battery. She almost melted.

AFRICAN RIVIERA

A new playground for the jet set is being built near Abidjan, the capital of the Ivory Coast in West Africa. Felix Houphouët-Boigny, president of the country, says, "The project may bring smiles to those skeptics who think that Africa is irrevocably condemned to mediocrity and stagnation," but the new "African Riviera" will have hotels, amusement parks, a wild-animal island and an 18-hole golf course, designed by Robert Trent Jones. The golf course, the first element scheduled to be completed, will be ready in 1972.

GOOD OLD NO. 37—UH, 52

Rich Coady is a reserve tight end for the Chicago Bears and wears No. 37, an unusual but acceptable number for a tight end. However, there is a complication. Because of injuries, the Bears have been reduced to only two active tackles, and Center Bob Hyland has been tabbed as the first reserve. If one of the regular tackles is injured, Hyland moves over from center and fills in. Coady, in turn, has been named Hyland's replacement. But if Coady is called into action as a center, he can't just run on the field and take over. First, he must strip

continued

All who find it hard to believe that the 1971 Dodge Charger is a low-priced family car, repeat after me...

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SCORECARD *continued*

off jersey No. 37 and shift to No. 52, which would clearly identify him to officials as an ineligible receiver.

Remember the old days, when in the dying moments of the game a grim-faced Pat O'Brien would turn to scared-looking Harold Lloyd at the end of the bench and snap, "You there, you with the glasses. Get in at halfback." Pat O'Brien didn't care what number he was sending in. He didn't even know if Harold Lloyd had a number.

A VIRTUE

It has often been said that a prime requirement for fishing is patience. Wait long enough and the fish will be there. Well, that is one way of doing it, and a paragon along these lines is Tommy Baker of St. Petersburg, Fla. Baker recently caught a 15½-pound largemouth bass in Lake Seminole near St. Pete. It was an impressive trophy, no question about it, but it was quite a bit lighter than the 22-pound 4-ounce largemouth caught by a man named George Perry in Lake Montgomery, Ga. 38 years ago. That's still the record, the 60 home runs of largemouth bass fishing. So Baker took his 15-pounder and put it in a small pond back of his home. There he intends to keep it, feeding it at proper intervals, until it grows up to around 23 pounds or so. Then he'll go a-fishin' again. It might take a few years but, as we noted above, Tommy Baker is a patient man.

LOSERS WINNERS

Games played on boards are customarily games played in fantasyland, but bringing matters very much down to earth in Cambridge, Mass. is Urban Systems, Inc., a research outfit that has developed three games dealing with environment. The games—DIRTY WATER, SMOG and ECOLOGY—are so realistically enlightening that they have the potential of truly benefiting the players as well as society at large. Not only that, the packages and moving parts are either biodegradable or recyclable.

The games (they cost a neat \$10 each) are the offspring of some heavy studies the USI people—mostly Harvard and MIT types—have been doing for government and business aimed at unraveling the environmental snafus afflicting these overcast days. An innovative way to share their findings, they reasoned, was through games that allow the players to assume the identities

continued

If you just want to look good, don't light it.



On the other hand,
if you'd like to taste
the small, mild
cigar with all the
flavor of a large
cigar, go ahead.



White Owl Miniatures & Demi-Tips.

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THEY SAID IT

- **Billy Kidd**, former U.S. Olympic skier, asked to explain the growing popularity of the sport in this country: "People are looking for self-expression. In skiing nobody tells you where to go or what to do. You do your own thing. And you do it in the beautiful mountains away from the pollution."
- **John Green**, at 37 the oldest player in the NBA, on his feelings when he and husky 32-year-old **Tom Meschery** got into a fight during a Cincinnati-Seattle game: "As soon as it started, I thought, 'What am I doing out here fighting with him, and where are all my friends who should be breaking this thing up before I get clobbered?'"
- **Art Quaquochi**, winger for the Hershey Bears in the American Hockey League and a full-blooded American Indian, asked what type of movies he enjoyed: "Westerns, but all the time we lose."
- **Gump Worsley**, veteran goalie for the Minnesota North Stars, commenting on a claim that he did all his training in St. Paul bars: "That's not true. I've switched to Minneapolis now."

END



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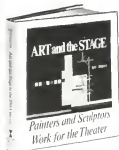


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NO MIRACLE REQUIRED

For weeks the Oakland Raiders stayed in the race by means of a series of almost supernatural last-second wins, but when they beat Kansas City for the Western Division title their tactics were au naturel **by TEX MAULE**

Before their game in Oakland last week the Kansas City Chiefs and the Oakland Raiders were tied for the lead in the Western Division. Whoever won would clinch the division title and advance to the playoffs. Whoever lost wouldn't even be sure of making the playoffs as the American Conference's best second-place team. Take it on faith; the procedure is so tortuous that the NFL was still "clarifying" it in the 12th week of the season. With so much at stake, Hank Stram took the Chiefs to the Coast three days early, hiding them out in Palo Alto far from their madding fans and inquisitive reporters. He also raised the line for missing the 11 p.m. curfew from \$250 to \$2,500.

Stram's precautions were to no avail. The Raiders, a team that has come to be wedded to last-second miracles principally performed by their elderly *deus ex machina*, George Blanda, won without benefit of a little sleight of hand.

What the Raiders did this time was put the early-retiring Chiefs into a coma. Blanda helped put them to sleep with two field goals and two extra points, but found it unnecessary to appear in the closing seconds, wave his right foot or hand and produce a touchdown pass or field goal. In the closing seconds of this game the Raiders were ahead 20-6; when the game ended they were still ahead 20-6.

The day before, Blanda explained what the Raiders hoped to do to the Chiefs. "We'll take it to them," he predicted. "Straight-ahead blocking. Short passes. Patience. We'll take what they give us and not look for the bomb. It really isn't a complicated game. Forget all the formations and the terminology. What

it comes down to is a series of individual matches, man on man. And when it comes to that, I think we're better."

Well, the Raiders were better and they won most of the head-to-head confrontations, but the game was a bit more sophisticated than that. When the clubs played in Kansas City on Nov. 1, a game that ended in a 17-17 tie on one of Blanda's feats of magic (a 48-yard field goal in the last three seconds), Lamoni established a pattern of play-calling that Stram must have taken into account in preparing the Chiefs for this contest.

In the earlier meeting, Lamoni threw 28 passes, 18 of them on second down. He sent his backs outside tackle 26 times, 15 times on first down. He called only 12 plays inside the Kansas City tackles, eight on first down. You couldn't ask for a clearer blueprint for a game plan. The Chiefs, alas, built a defense on it.

"Against the Kansas City defense, you're better off throwing on first down," Blanda said before the game. "They play a read-and-react defense, and if they know what you're going to do you're in bad trouble. You have to create doubt in their defense, and then you make them think longer, and while they're thinking you can do what you want to do. If you look at their movies and their personnel, you begin to think there's no way you can score on them. But you can. One way or another, you can."

Still, it wasn't only an out-of-pattern offense that won for the Raiders. Their defense all but shut off the Chiefs. Most of the time the Raiders played an odd line, a defense where one lineman is stationed nose to nose with the center. For the Raiders this lineman was Tom Keating, an All-Pro tackle who earned All-

Pro all over again on this bright and nippy afternoon.

Jim Tyrer, a 6' 6" 275-pound offensive tackle for the Chiefs, himself an All-Pro, talked about Keating earlier in the week. "He's a great defensive tackle," Tyrer said. "When they play him head-on the center, he occupies three players. The center knows he's there and both the offensive guards have to be aware of him, because he can go either way around the center and then they have to help." Keating usually played head-on with Jack Rudnay, the Chiefs' rookie center who handled him successfully back in November. Rudnay failed to repeat last Saturday.

This was a good, satisfying football game, not won by any prestidigitator or breaks. Mainly it was won the Blanda way—in the pit. "All the stuff about formations, rolling pockets and the rest of it is meaningless," Blanda said. "If you have the right people you can run from the short punt and win. We have the right people."

This time, anyway, Oakland had the right people. A giant among them was Marv Hubbard, a burly running back who went to Colgate, can you imagine. He carried the ball 16 times, gained 93 yards and scored the first and winning touchdown.

The Raiders rarely use Hubbard, who is listed on their depth chart as a substitute for Hewitt Dixon. Until last week, he had carried the ball only 35

continued

Sub Fullback Marv Hubbard, who took many a handoff from Darryl Lamoni, was the Raiders' leading rusher; he scored the winning touchdown behind a block by Gene Upshaw.





In the second quarter Fred Biletnikoff and Jim Marsalis (40) went up in the end zone for a long pass. Marsalis tipping it away.

NO MIRACLE PASSION

times, but 18 of those (for 98 yards) had come in the first game against Kansas City. "I'm at my best against these guys," Hubbard said, an assessment with which Coach John Madden is evidently in accord. "I love to beat them more than anything else."

Hubbard moves as mercilessly as a bowling ball and is a strongly motivated man. "All afternoon I was looking for Willie Lanier [the Chiefs' middle linebacker]," he said after the game, blithely ignoring his running heroics. "He's supposed to be the best, and I want the

best. Finally I got him on a block and I knocked him right on his butt." Lanier, to be fair, replied in kind on a couple of occasions.

In another key matchup, Oakland Wide Receiver Fred Biletnikoff had the edge on Jim Marsalis, the Kansas City cornerback. Marsalis has fine speed, water-bug-quick reactions and a nose for the ball, but Biletnikoff caught a 36-yard touchdown pass with Marsalis a half-step behind him. Earlier, Biletnikoff had run the same pattern, but Marsalis went up with him and tipped the ball away. The difference between the two plays was

that Lamonica's pass hung the first time.

In midweek Jim Tyrer said, "This is going to be a fistfight. It will be won on the front line. The thing about our offense has been blown out of proportion—the moving pocket, all the rest of it. It still comes down to Jim Tyrer blocking Ben Davidson. It's like serving the same dish with different dressing, a little different preparation. When the dressing is removed, it comes down to eight Chiefs being All-Pros. We're a Sears, Roebuck team. Coach Stram looked through the catalog and picked the people he needed to fit his needs."



In the fourth quarter Bielecki ran the same pattern, the pass was better thrown and he beat Merelis for a touchdown

Tyrer did a fairly good job on Davidson. Big Ben, known for his handlebar mustache and flair for wreaking havoc on quarterbacks, was unable to talk after the game. He whispered he had laryngitis from shouting at the officials. Like all defensive linemen, he was howling about being held. "We were very loose before this game," Davidson croaked. "I've played on a lot of pro ball clubs, but I never saw anything like this. It was amazing. In the dressing room the radio was going wide open and guys were dancing buck-naked. It was something."

continued





The first half of the game was less than that, a reversion to the days of punt, pass and prayer. Neither team wanted to take chances, and because both stuck to the ground the first quarter zipped by in 22 minutes. At the end of this period Kansas City had its only lead of the day, 3-0. Those points came on a 20-yard field goal by Jan Stenerud. Later Stenerud missed a 29-yarder, one of the few times he has missed a gimme. Blanda put the Raiders ahead in the second quarter with his two field goals, one coming typically with three seconds to play in the half, a kick that created an extraordinary exultation in the crowd of \$4,596, a stadium record by a margin of two fans.

The second half was no contest. The Raiders had established physical and psychological superiority; the Chiefs responded to intimidation with increasing lethargy. Although behind, Strans—the gambler in the red vest—played his cards so close to the vest that the red must have rubbed off on them. Even when he fell far back, Dawson was reluctant to go to the bomb; perhaps he was haunted by the memory of Frank Pitts dropping two long balls in the first half, one of which should have been a touchdown. Yet it might have turned the trick. The Raiders play hump-and-run, and if the hump doesn't work near the line of scrimmage, the run must be fast indeed to cover receivers like Pitts and Otis Taylor racing deep into the secondary.

The Raider touchdown drive in the third quarter was a good example of how Lamonica mixed up his plays, thoroughly confusing the tendency chart the Chiefs had plotted on him off the first game. Late in this period, with the Raiders having a first and 10 on their 20—a situation usually calling for a conservative move—Lamonica threw to Warren Wells for an 18-yard gain and a first down. Next, Hubbard went outside right tackle for 14 yards and through left tackle for eight more. On the following play Hubbard went up the middle for two and a first down. Then Lamonica threw again, to the surprise and ultimate dismay of the Chief defense. On this play Manalita was caught interfering with Blatnikoff and the Raiders had the ball on the Kansas City 16.

From there Hubbard carried four times in a row, scoring from six yards out.

Gene Upshaw, the Raiders' left guard, said after the game, "We picked 'em and picked 'em and picked 'em. One time I went into the huddle and said, 'Run 65, man-to-man blocking.' At the start I didn't think we could do it, but we did it. We had to do it—for ourselves."

The Oakland offensive line was generally more widely spaced than usual. "A team as big as Kansas City, you can't get shoulder to shoulder with them," Upshaw explained. "Buck Buchanan, playing head on you, covers two holes all by himself, and he's the toughest I play. Once he hit me in the back after a play was over and I asked him, 'Is that the way it's going to be?' He said, 'Get back in the huddle and play football.'"

As he dressed, Lamonica said, "We figured we had to smack them right out of there. We kept them guessing. We had them looking at different things. Not major changes, little ones. But little things can become major. We didn't make any drastic changes. I could feel the aggression building all week. And I felt it warming up today. Voorn! We couldn't wait for the game to start. Voorn! I knew we were ready."

Ready or not, on the first Oakland series Lamonica threw a pass to Charlie Smith which was intercepted by Right Linebacker Jim Lynch. The Raiders had planned to pick on Lynch, whom they considered the least competent of the Chief linebackers. They wanted to isolate Smith on Lynch and throw to him; the Chiefs were aware of that and helped Lynch out by giving him deep help from Johnny Robinson, their safety. Knowing Robinson was behind him, Lynch stuck to Smith like a leech and took the pass away from him.

"We came back after that first mistake," Lamonica said. "We drove right down the field and the offensive line knew it was their day, which it was."

It was, too, the day of the Raider defense line. Tom Keating, who did as much as any one man to disrupt the Chief offense, said, "It feels good to mess 'em up, to do a job on them. They cost me 20 grand last year."

Keating and Middle Linebacker Dan Conners had collaborated on stunts designed to confuse the Chief blockers. "In our triple-under defense, we both

didn't go into the huddle," Keating said. In a triple-under the Oakland defensive line is overshifted to the weak side of the Kansas City offensive line; the bubble is the gap on the strong side created by the overshift—a wide hole between the tackle playing head-on with the offensive center and the defensive end on the strong side.

"I don't feel like I played 40 plays today," Keating said. Someone pointed out, "You didn't. You only played 38."

"I don't even feel like I've been in a game," whispered Ben Davidson.

The Raiders ran 69 plays to 38 by Kansas City. What is surprising is that with so great an imbalance, the Raiders only won by two touchdowns.

The Oakland secondary shouldn't be forgotten, either. Earlier, Len Dawson said, "They're all hurners back there. There are no weak spots in their defense. Some teams have a weak man and they have to compensate for it, but the Raiders don't need any compensation. They play the same coverage 70% of the time and just change the depth of the coverage."

Free Safety Dave Grayson agreed with Dawson. "We were playing the same coverage today," he said, "with a few wrinkles. We made Dawson guess and he was guessing more in this game than he ever has. We overplayed his primary receiver, then made him guess on the second receiver, and by that time the pressure was getting to him. We didn't give him the look he expected. We took away the crosses and the ups."

Dawson had expressed considerable concern about Grayson. "We have to try to contain him," he said. "Somehow, we have to get him out of that middle. With him in the middle, the cornerbacks can play it very tough short and to the outside, knowing they have help deep in the middle. They have the kind of defense that makes things happen. You know, you can't give all the credit to the offense for those games they win in the last few seconds. The defense had to stop people to give the ball to them. Our approach is to have patience. You can't waste a single play against Oakland. Containing Grayson is the key."

As the Raiders entered their dressing room after the game, big Al Dotson, who played tackle next to Tom Keating and who did a good job, too, was yelling happily, "We ran it down the r throats. We beat 'em to death!" **END**

George Blanda performed a feat of hand, but kept his feet in by kicking two field goals.

BARNBURNER IN THE OLD BARN

Kentucky was supposed to help Indiana open its new arena, but maybe it was better that it remained unfinished; the way the Hoosiers and Wildcats had at each other, the place might have split at the seams by **JOE JARES**

The Assembly Hall in Bloomington, Ind., stood gray and gloomy, matching the drizzly December afternoon. Inside, where there should have been fans yelling and pompons shaking and a basketball floor gleaming, there was nothing but darkness and wet gravel. For more than three years construction men have been blasting out limestone and piecing together concrete slabs, preparing this 17,500-seat home for the University of Indiana's 'Hurryin' Hoosiers.

School authorities were sure the building would be finished last year, and Kentucky was booked in to help dedicate the arena. Not a chance. The game was moved to Lexington. So the Wildcats were invited back this year for the new grand opening. Still not a chance, and that was a shame, considering the kind of game the teams finally did play. The excitement they stirred would have been a fitting grand opening for the Taj Mahal. Kentucky, in Bloomington for the first time in 42 years, beat Indiana in overtime 95-93 after the Hoosiers seemingly had won.

The site was Indiana's outdated hangar of a field house, crouched next to the Assembly Hall's bulk and jammed with 9,258 people. Capacity crowds have been rare there in recent years. While the basketball team was able to win only 26 games the last three seasons, the interest of students strayed to the Wednesday-night turtle races at a local pizza parlor and the debate over the right of coeds to visit men's dormitory rooms at 3 a.m. However, passion for basketball revived with the development of a potential winner, and the ticket manager last week happily proclaimed that the Kentucky game, even without ribbon-cutting ceremonies, was Indiana's "first lock-cinch sellout since 1965." It was also televised over most of the state and

sent back to the Kentucky campus via closed-circuit color TV.

Indiana's important assets are 6' 7" junior John Wright of Savannah, Ga., who was picked for the experimental Olympic team last summer, and two 6' 7" sophomores from Indianapolis, George McGinnis and Steve Downing. In their senior year in high school, McGinnis and Downing led their team to a 31-0 record and the state championship. Last summer McGinnis played for the U. S. at the World University Games and was the team's leading scorer and rebounder.

McGinnis was also a high-school All-America football player for two years. Last spring he went to Indiana football Coach John Pont and asked if he could go out for the team. Pont, who rarely refuses a 6' 7", 235-pound, fast, agile, sure-handed wide receiver, turned the request over to the athletic director, who shuddered at the idea of some Big Ten linebacker hitting one of the country's best basketball prospects. No, he said. If Assembly Hall was ever finished, somebody would have to help fill it.

McGinnis is certainly that somebody. Coach Lou Watson, returning after missing a season because of a bad back, put him and Downing in the starting lineup right away, and the two friends led the Hoosiers to wins over Eastern Michigan and Kansas State. McGinnis scored 26 points in each game and added 21 in an exhibition victory over the touring Australian champions. He also made more turnovers than Betty Crocker, but he wasn't embarrassed. His credo, he said, is: "Anytime I have my hands on the ball, there's a chance of putting it in the hoop."

Coach Adolph Rupp of Kentucky came into Bloomington with his usual well-drilled, undefeated, hilly-white team.

Whoops, look again. Well-drilled, undefeated and integrated, Rupp's favorite sophomore, Tom Payne, is not only the first black player in the 68-year history of Kentucky basketball but the tallest player as well. Payne is listed as 7 feet, but the Baron insists that he is 7' 2 3/4".

Rupp, 69 years old and supposedly nearing retirement, looks healthier than he did last season. He is bothered by a persistent infection on one foot, but his diabetes is under control. The morning of the game he ate a good breakfast, reminded himself it was his grandson's fourth birthday and told stories about the old "rathole" hotels in the South ("I used to stay awake all night with a list of the boys' rooms by my bed in case there was a fire"). Five hours later when he sat down next to the Indiana court, he was wearing his famous brown suit and snow.

Injuries had weakened both teams. Kentucky forward Larry Steele broke his right thumb in practice Wednesday, and Indiana's Downing was subordinated in the game against Australia and landed on his tailbone. The rest of the week in practice he walked around like a man balancing a glass of water on his head. Each coaching staff was positive the other team's loss was less damaging than its own. Downing suited up, but Watson, well acquainted with sore backs, kept him on the bench.

Despite the absence of the two players, the rebounding battle was fierce. Payne, although a good free-throw shooter and shot blocker, was not much of a force under the boards. McGinnis and Wright were enough to give Indiana the edge, at least until Wright fouled out with a minute left in regulation time. Each of them did more traveling than an Olympic walker, however, often undoing on the ground



Flying Katsuckians Tom Parker (12), whose shooting saved Wildcats, Tom Payne (54) and Mark Sadarberg (45) seemed to own the eardrums, but Joby Wright (44) and George McGinnis (26) won the rebound war

what he had accomplished in the air.

Most of the times McGinnis was stopped, he stopped himself—by traveling, by taking unconscionable shots, by missing free throws. Much of his game looked as if it still belonged on the schoolyard court. He would put up a jump shot and then, instead of following in hard in case he missed, he would cock his head oddly to the left and take a couple of bouncy steps in the same direction, almost like a howler trying to help his ball with body English. Despite all his faults and sophomore mistakes, McGinnis scored 38 points and showed enough raw power, speed and talent to scare almost any defensive man this side of UCLA's Sidney Wicks.

Kentucky, making more shots and far fewer mistakes, led at halftime 44-38. McGinnis' scoring and a tough pressure defense helped put Indiana ahead by seven points with 5½ minutes left, but in their hurry the Hoosiers got too fast for themselves and let unflappable Kentucky off the hook. A traveling violation here, a sloppy pass there, were all the Wildcats needed to regain the lead.

Indiana junior Rick Ford tied the game at 80-80 with two free throws, and

a few seconds later he managed to corner Kentucky's Mike Casey. Jump ball at Kentucky's end of the court with five seconds to go.

Ford outleaped Casey and tipped the ball to teammate John Ritter, who dribbled past a Kentucky man and set himself for a desperation heave toward the Hoosier basket, 65 feet away. As it should in a heroic finish, the huzzer sounded while the shot was in the air. The ball did not carom off the glass backboard. It did not tantalize anyone by rattling around the rim. It just dropped through like a rock, causing a mild quiver in the net and a much larger one in Adolph Rupp's heart. The crowd roared, and some pom-pom girls raced onto the court to hug Ritter—but held everything. McGinnis, behind Ritter's back, had called time out before the shot. No basket, time-out Indiana. Three seconds were left when play resumed and Indiana threw the ball in from out-of-bounds in the backcourt. Ritter was able to fire another mortar shot, but this time it was far short. Overtime.

Tom Parker's left-handed sharpshooting kept Kentucky ahead throughout the five-minute extra period. A McGinnis

jump shot brought Indiana to within one point, 94-93. With a few seconds to go, McGinnis drove in for a layup through heavy traffic in the key, but the ball slipped out of his hand as he leaped up and he blew the shot. Parker's last free throw made it 95-93.

"I think they can win the Big Ten," said Rupp.

"We've got to win the Big Ten," said McGinnis.

"It was a whole of a game for the spectators, but not much of one for the coach," said Watson in his quiet locker room. Then he glanced at the mimeographed stat sheet, which showed that Indiana had outrebounded Kentucky 62-55 (McGinnis had 20). He estimated that if Downing had played, the rebounding edge would have been much more pronounced.

As the disappointed fans filed out of the field house, there was talk of a possible rematch. If the Hoosiers win the Big Ten championship and the Wildcats win the SEC, they could meet in the Midwest Regional of the NCAA tournament, when the two teams presumably would have a full quota of healthy tailbones and thumbs.

END

THE REAL SCRAP WAS FOR 60th PLACE

While name golfers fought for glory and dollars at Grand Bahama, the also-rans played games of quiet desperation **by WALTER BINGHAM**



Joe Jamieson played cool and made the list.

Everybody had his own reason for playing in the Bahama Islands Open last week. Arnold Palmer wanted to win one. Lee Trevino showed up to make sure nobody grabbed his place at the top of the money heap. One of Tommy Aaron's sponsoring firms offered him a bonus for a good performance. Frank Beard, a tough man with a huck, decided to take his family when Dave Stockton got him a deal on a villa.

But as the last of the professional golf tour's 47 official events of the year—and the final \$130,000 of nearly \$7 million in prize money being offered in 1970—the Bahama Islands Open had something more precious to offer a particular group of touring pros. These players, who include such regulars as Dave Eichelberger, Jim Jamieson and Herb Hoover, weren't there for a good time or to soak up the Freeport sun or even earn money, at least not primarily. They were there to fight for their lives.

"Oh, I wouldn't say it's quite as serious as that," said Jamieson one afternoon, while Eichelberger, right behind him, rolled his eyes and snickered.

For these players and others, the Bahama Islands Open offered the last chance to win enough exemption points to finish among the top 60 on the PGA list. In the past, the PGA gave exemptions to the top 60 money winners, an exemption meaning a golfer is eligible to play in any tournament that isn't invitational, such as the Masters. Otherwise, unless a golfer has some other exemption, such as a U.S. Open title, tucked away, he must qualify on Mondays, which is a bad scene.

Commissioner Joe Dey created the point system so that, among other reasons, a monster money tournament like the \$300,000 Dow Jones would not as-

sume three times the importance of the good old L.A. Open. It was a sound idea, but the players have rejected it to return to the gold standard in 1971. As Dave Marr said, "The public can't identify with points. You can't spend them in the A&P."

Nevertheless, points were it this year. Win and you got 120, second was worth 90, and so on. But the players fighting for those last few spots at Grand Bahama last week were not concerned with first and second. Realistically, what they wanted to do was finish, say, 15th and pick up 56 points.

Before the start of the tournament Eichelberger was 61st, Jamieson 63rd and Hoover 64th. At 62nd was Don January, who wasn't there and didn't need to be, since his victory in the 1967 PGA Championship gives him lifetime exemption. Eichelberger was only 10 points behind the 60th man, Steve Spray, but Spray was entered in the tournament, of course, as was Bob Stanton at 59. Even Jim Colbert, who would have had to be passed by six players to make out, was there. Not that it's all that important, mind you.

"What I mean is this," Jamieson continued. "So I don't make the top 60. I'm still in the top 70 and there are 15 tournaments, including the PGA in February, that are going to accept the top 70 of the list. If you play any good at all, you make the cut and that gets you into the tournament the following week. So it's not a matter of life and death."

"Says you," said Eichelberger.

Jamieson, a chubby young man along the lines of Bob Murphy, was in danger of losing his player's card last year, a letter from Commissioner Dey notifying him that unless his game improved and he started earning some money he could no longer play on the tour. Easily this year he married, which evidently was a tonic, for he made the cut in 17 straight tournaments, tied for third in the Western Open and earned \$28,385, assuring him of no more letters from Joe Dey.

Eichelberger is tall, strong, swarthy and intense. He stalks around a putting green, generally with a cigarette stuck in his mouth and looking angry, but it is a mask for a friendly, outgoing personality. He is from Waco, Texas, and he can hit a ball 18 miles, often straight. His best 1970 finish was a 10th at the Greater Milwaukee Open, and be-

fore Bahama his earnings were \$23,238.

Herb Hooper is as quiet and unassuming as the President of almost the same name. He has a slight build, and it follows that the best part of his game is clipping and putting. Hooper was bothered by a bad hack early in the year and earned no points at all during the first two months. He was apparently out of contention for the top 60 when a tie for sixth at Coral Springs, the week before Bahama, gave him 63.50 points and a chance Hooper had earned \$28,335 when he arrived on Grand Bahama.

It was quickly apparent that it was going to be a rugged week for Larry Nall, who travels with the tour and whose duties include compiling and publishing the point list. None of the players involved were all that interested in the point standing, of course, but they kept hanging around Nall's desk in the press tent early in the week, looking like a pack of hungry dogs, and when Nall produced an informal, scratch-pad version of the list, the players almost ripped it to shreds.

On Thursday it looked as though the battle for the top 60 would never really materialize. Eichelberger started like lightning, sticking an approach shot one inch from the first hole for a back-in birdie, but things got away from him and he wound up with a 76. Poor Herb Hooper was even worse, at 79 an excellent bet to miss the cut and pick up no points at all. Of the challengers, only Jameson, with a 72, could smile. That was six strokes behind the leader, Doug Sanders. Palmer, in his bid for his first victory since 1969, was in good shape at 68. (A win would make him the 1970 money leader if Trevino faltered.)

Then, on Friday, all sorts of wonderful things happened to the three challengers. Hooper rescued himself from oblivion by shooting a 69 for a 148 total, which was exactly the score it took to make the cut. Eichelberger had a strong 70 for 146, and Jameson, with a 69 for 141, was up among the leaders. Beyond that, disaster struck some of the golfers ahead of them. Steve Spray, the 60th man, missed the cut, and Bob Stanton, the 59th man, after almost overcoming a shaky first-day 76 with a nice round Friday, blew it, taking a hideous nine on 18 and was also out.

And there was one more. John Schroeder, son of Ted, the Davis Cup hero,

shot a 149 to miss the cut by a stroke. Schroeder was 56th on the point list and had enough of a margin to almost assure him of finishing among the 60. But at dusk, when he learned he was out, he sought out Larry Nall. Where would Nall be Sunday night? At the hotel Schroeder said he would call.

Saturday was a disaster for Eichelberger. He shot a 76, which put him in a tie for 62nd and which, if the tournament had been over, would have given him roughly nine points, not even enough to overtake Spray. Worse, the quietly determined Hooper shot a 68 to go six shots ahead of Eichelberger. The players who gathered around Larry Nall's desk after the third round were agreed: Jameson, who had a 71 to remain among the tournament leaders, and Hooper were virtually in. Poor Ike had blown it.

It was an equally disastrous day for

Palmer. Paired with the leader, Chris Blocker, a longtime rabbit and a distant 93rd on the point list, Palmer fell apart on the back nine and shot a 75.

Eichelberger tried to produce a miracle on Sunday, but his 54th-place finish was good for only 16 points, and he was out. Both Hooper and Jameson made it, however. Hooper completed a remarkable comeback by shooting a 69 and finishing tied for 16th. That gave him 52 points, enough to send him past Stanton for 60th place. Jameson, with a final-round 72, tied for 10th and moved up to 58 on the list.

As for Arnie, well, he didn't get his win. Doug Sanders did, after a playoff with Chris Blocker. Trevino finished third to keep his money lead. Aaron earned his bonus. And the Beards had a good time. But in the end Hooper and Jameson had the best time of all. **KMD**



Herb Hooper worked his way out of the underbrush and into the ranks of the winners.

ARMS AGAINST THE OGRES

They belong to Jim Plunkett and Joe Thaismann, and they'd better be strong if the Indians and Irish intend to upset fearsome opponents

by DAN JENKINS

Before it all ends the rabbit ears may go the way of the francake—out the back door and into the trash—and the fan may fade like a sidewalk Santa in the rain. This is our annual madness known as the collegiate bowl season, a time when there is just about every kind of football game but the Shoplifters vs. the Floorwalkers in the Astro-Bloomingsdale Classic. The season began last week with a lot of Camellias and Boardwalks and Pecans for the little folks, and it won't conclude until Jan. 10, after some wandering groups of All-Stars have taken their pass routes to Honolulu, Mobile and Tampa. Happily, among the 24 bowl games there are some important ones to be concerned about, namely those in which the nation's three most prominent teams of the regular season—Texas, Ohio State and Nebraska—defend their honor for a final time against a chummy of football lore out of Knute Rockne, John W. Heisman and Huey Long.

That's something to be grateful for. The bowls usually have little more meaning than the one played the other day in Memphis, where Tulane (7-4) upset Colorado (6-4), than those upcoming in Houston, where Oklahoma (7-4) meets Alabama (6-5); in Jacksonville, where Auburn (8-2) meets Ole Miss (7-3), in El Paso, where Georgia Tech (8-3) meets Texas Tech (8-3); in Atlanta, where Arizona State (10-0) meets North Carolina (8-3), and even in New Orleans, where Tennessee (10-1) meets Air Force (9-2). As September games they would have stirred some excitement, but as holiday spectacles they have about as much bearing on what the 1970 season means as all of those Blue-Grays and East-Weests.

The Cotton, Rose and Orange, in that order on your tube Jan. 1, are where the action is, for these are the games in which the season's dominant forces will come crashing down on each other,

FOOTBALL





where mathematics, tradition, legend and omens are all significant and where the results could have one final roar of influence on the question of who, finally, is No. 1.

In some minds that question has already been answered. The UPI's board of coaches, which always selects on the basis of the regular season, has chosen Texas by a comfortable margin. Darrell Royal's Longhorns also got a piece of another award, the MacArthur Bowl, picked by a committee of the Hall of Fame that has settled on a tie between Texas and Ohio State. So Woody Hayes can celebrate the fifth national championship of his career and Royal his third—regardless of New Year's Day.

What is left are the No. 1 awards of the Football Writers' Association and the AP, both of which now await the

bowls for their final vote. Thus some drama is left, and this is precisely why the Cotton, Rose and Orange games are the only ones that really matter—school controllers aside. At least four of the teams involved in these games are still alive for the last two trophies. Three are undefeated: Texas (10-0), Ohio State (9-0) and Nebraska (10-0-1). Then there is Notre Dame at 9-1. The Irish are in contention because if they join Texas in their unusual Cotton Bowl rematch, if Stanford upsets Ohio State in the Rose and if LSU whips Nebraska in the Orange. Ara Parseghian's team would have as strong a claim as any.

A victory for Texas, Ohio State or Nebraska, together with losses by the other two, would, of course, make the winner No. 1, just as victories for all three would no doubt wrap it up for Texas. The Long-

horns go into the bowls with more voting carryover from the regular season, and in the Irish and Joe Theismann they have more glamorous and tougher opponents than either the Buckeyes or Cornhuskers.

Like it or not, Dallas again has the game, and it ought to have every bit as much drama as the last one, when Texas edged the Irish 21-17 in the final two minutes.

"I thought both teams played about as good as they could," Darrell Royal has said of that event. "and I would expect the same kind of thing this time if we can do our part."

Texas and Notre Dame a year ago produced one of the best contests of our time. Notre Dame was back in a postseason game for the first time in 45 years—since the heyday of the Four Horsemen—and with a team that could not have been more exciting. Theismann threw two touchdown passes and scattered Cotton Bowl aerial records all over the burnt orange. Ara's team leaped to a 10-0 lead, got behind 14-10, came back again 17-14 and then grudgingly allowed a sustained Longhorn drive—fraught with clutch plays—that ultimately produced the touchdown which kept the national title for Royal.

A few of those stars won't be around—men like James Street and Randy Pischel of Texas and Bob Olson and Mike McCoy of the Irish—but the two teams are substantially the same. Maybe even better.

Texas could use a couple of pickup trucks to haul in its statistics, from this season and from its entire 30-game win streak. Over those 30 games—covering most of the last three seasons—Royal's Wishbone T has averaged 39.4 points and 358 yards rushing per Saturday, which the National Collegiate Sports Service regards as outlandish and incomparable. The Longhorns keep topping themselves. 1 or the first nine games of the streak, in 1968, they averaged 37.4 points and 337 yards rushing. For the next 11 (last season) they averaged 39.5 points and 360 yards. This year the Longhorns have averaged 41.2 points and 374.5 yards. Led by Fullback Steve Worster, the only man who has played in all three backfields during the streak, Texas has gained over 10,000 yards on the ground.

Two assets make Texas seem more devastating than ever: an offensive line that grows quicker and more proficient

continued

LSU'S TIGER STALKS NEBRASKA IN THE LAST GAME OF NEW YEAR'S BIG THREESOME



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and a backfield with better balance. The Texans of 1970 go into the Cotton Bowl with Worster, who has 898 yards and 14 touchdowns, Jim Bertelsen, who has 891 yards and 13 touchdowns, and Eddie Phillips, who has 666 yards and 12 touchdowns. Whenever any two of them carry the ball back to back the figures add up to better than a first down.

And while the Longhorns are hardly noted for their passing, they somehow manage to use the pass effectively. Eddie Phillips has hit only 39 of 96, but his average per completion is 17.8 yards—second highest in the nation. Royal makes the point: "Eddie's job is not to build statistics, but to get his team into the end zone."

For all of this, Texas might be ripe. Ripe to get plucked. Winning streaks have to end some time, and another Notre Dame team ended the daddy of them all, Oklahoma's 47-gamer, Royal, with a five-game bowl streak going, hasn't lost since Jan. 1, 1963 (to LSU), and since then has beaten Navy (with Roger Staubach), Alabama (with Joe Namath), Ole Miss, Tennessee and Notre Dame. Theismann is the only one to get a second chance.

But going against Theismann is an odd kind of tradition. The major bowls aren't heavy on rematches, and in the two that have occurred the team that lost the first game also lost the second. The records show Santa Clara defeating LSU back to back in the 1937 and 1938 Sugar Bowls, and Alabama defeating Nebraska in the 1966 Orange and 1967 Sugar.

Theismann might ignore such trivia and hit Tom Gateswood a few times on some of the pass patterns that made Notre Dame the nation's second best in total offense. The surest way to beat Texas, if not the only way, is to throw expertly and keep scoring. Of this the Irish are fully capable. And if Texas sputters just a bit, having no doubt peaked against Arkansas, Royal will have to call on some resources that may or may not be hidden away.

Wistfully Ara says, "I'm as awed by their defense as their offense, frankly. It's too bad we lost to USC, because a victory would have given us more to play for. But we're going again to make the game fun for the kids and just hope for a hot hand."

Whether the hot hand belongs to Theismann on the down-and-out or Eddie Phillips on the pitch is what it will

continued



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ARMS AND OGREs —reynold

come down to. For all of Theismann's talents, the afternoon should go to Texas as if the Longhorns perform close to their ability.

Like Texas, Ohio State has a remarkable group of seniors wishing to close out their careers on a happy memory. This would be the memory of beating another Heisman Trophy winner in Pasadena. As sophomores, the Rex Kern-Jack Tatum gang outscampered O. J. Simpson in the Rose Bowl, and now, as older fellows, they face Stanford's Jim Plunkett, a totally different problem.

Both teams were slightly baffling this season, Ohio State because the Buckeyes were hardly overwhelming within the weakened Big Ten except on the big day against Michigan, and Stanford because the Indians were only good when they wanted to be.

Jim Plunkett won the Heisman, all right, and he is certainly one of the finest dropback passers to come along, as he proved against such excited opposition as Arkansas, USC, UCLA and Washington. But both Plunkett and Stanford had some desultory days that resulted in sloppy losses to Purdue, Air Force and California.

It seems safe to assume that neither team will be exactly casual about the Rose Bowl. Stanford hasn't been there in 19 years, for one thing, and Woody Hayes' teams have never lost out there. What Pasadena has going is a game very much on the order of Texas-Notre Dame: a splendid passing team, Stanford, which ran run, against a ball-control outfit, Ohio State, which ran pass.

We all know about the Buckeye defense—about Jack Tatum and Jim Stillwagon. But they have spent their college days looking mostly at quarterbacks who were lucky to complete a hand-off, the exception being Mike Phipps on a cold, dreary day a year ago. Plunkett will give them a look at something else, the smart, any-distance, artistic passer armed with beautiful receivers.

Plunkett is going to get some points. Enough? Most likely not, for the burden then falls on Stanford's defense, a unit that has had its moments but hasn't really stopped anyone. It merely slowed them down long enough for Plunkett to hit Randy Vataha or Bob Moore again.

Chances are Plunkett won't have the ball enough to win, because Rex Kern will be keeping it or giving it to John Brockington—or to Woody.

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The Orange Bowl would become the most vital of the day if Joe Thesmann and Jim Plunkett were to win their games. Then, at nighttime, the growling Nebraska Cornhuskers would find themselves playing for No. 1 against LSU and all of those Tigers who are either called Tommy Casanova or some name you can't remember.

Unlike the big games earlier in the day, the Orange Bowl will not be endowed with major personalities. The coaches, Nebraska's Bob Devaney and LSU's Charlie McClendon, fall short of the colorful images of the Royals, Hayeses and Parseghians, and the players lack the stature of the Plunketts, Thesmanns, Worsters and Tutums.

Both teams are relatively young. Their best performers will be returning next season, notably LSU's handsome all-round star, Casanova. He can do it all on offense or defense. Either as a runner or a defensive back, depending on the urgency of the moment, Casanova is exceptional, as evidenced by the job he did on Notre Dame's Tom Gatewood and by the two punts he returned for long touchdowns against Ole Miss.

The pride of LSU is its defense and not just Casanova. The Tigers have a strong front four, led by Ronnie Estay, and a vicious linebacker named Mike Anderson. LSU's defense might well be its best offense, for that's where most of the athletes are.

Nebraska has a more polished, dazzling attack, with breakaway runners Joe Orduña and Johnny Rodgers and the dual quarterbacks Jerry Tagge and Van Brownson. Nebraska plunges, reverses and throws, and only Texas outscored Nebraska on the season. But Devaney also has a tough defense, featuring Tackle Dave Walline. Among his claims to fame is that he put Missouri's Joe Moore out for the season. Nebraska has as much muscle and more imagination than LSU, probably enough to win, unless the Cornhuskers get careless around Tommy Casanova.

Like Thesmann in Dallas and Plunkett in Pasadena, Casanova is the one player in Miami who figures to make the difference in a close game and who could make it a day of upsets all around.

But the odds sternly indicate that three coaches who rarely lose—Royal, Hayes and Devaney—will find ways to win again.

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SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

BOBBY ORR

Only 22, he set entire new standards of hockey excellence. While leading his team to a championship and emerging as an alltime star, he ushered a growing sport into the '70s with a flash of flying ice

by JACK OLSEN

When Robert Gordon Orr comes walking out of the Boston Bruins' dressing room in his halfway mod attire and head-down shy manner, you would be excused for thinking that he is the water boy or perhaps an assistant bookkeeper learning the trade of attendance-padding. He is a mere 5' 11", 185 pounds, with blue-gray eyes and a thick shock of hair that is browner than blond and blonder than brown and flops down over his forehead, producing a little-boy-lost effect that is deadly to the female. His legs are muscular, but not much more than Carol Channing's. His arms are of normal length and look strong, but not strikingly so. His hands remind one of an e. e. cummings line: "nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands." His shoulders are squared, but not with the slatlike precision of Bobby Hull's. His overall physique is adequate but not impressive; he will never gain employment as a male model or appear covered with salad oil in today's versions of *Southern and Health*.

At 22, Orr (*see cover*) is beginning to show the indelible facial evidences of his occupation: the thick tissue over the eye sockets, the spidery scars from interrupted pucks and sticks, the drooping lip and asymmetric nose from medical insult and injury. After five years in the bullpits of the National Hockey League, Orr does not yet resemble Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront* ("Cholly, Cholly, I cudda been a contender!"), but he is en route. His nose has been fractured three or four times and he has taken 50 or so stitches, mostly in the face. His strong, sturdy jaw remains intact, but from the way he plays hockey one can easily foresee the day when he will be wired up



The Sportsman's trophy

and sipping tomato juice through a straw. Then the devastation will be complete, as it has been complete with almost all the great defencemen of the National Hockey League.

"Look at him," says Orr's crotch and roommate, Assistant Trainer John (Frosty) Fortinault. "He's the key to everything—so the Boston Bruins, to the National Hockey League, to the whole game of hockey. And he skates like he's afraid he'll be sent back to the minors. He takes chances like a rookie."

Let it be said and done with by acclamation Bobby Orr is the greatest player ever to don skates. Not the greatest defenceman, the greatest *player* at either end of the ice. He was playing league hockey with grown men at the age of 14 and starring. As an 18-year-

old Bruin rookie he made the NHL's All-Star team, and last season he was the league's Most Valuable Player, the acknowledged star of the Stanley Cup playoffs, the league's top-ranking defenceman and the league's top scorer. To comprehend what it means to be the best both defensively and offensively in the brutal game of ice hockey, the fan must imagine a combination of Dick Butkus and Leroy Kelly, of Boog Powell and Bob Gibson, of Bill Russell and Oscar Robertson. Because of Orr, there are fewer arguments in the big hockey towns about "the good old days." He has brought a shen to every skater, a gloss to the whole league and the whole sport.

This steady upgrading of Orr's abilities cannot continue much longer, because now he must compete with himself; he has reached the stage where the records he is

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shooting at are his own.

Last year he scored 120 points on 33 goals and 87 assists, the most goals ever scored by a defenseman, the most assists ever scored by anyone. This year he will probably fall short of the record; the other teams are bearing down on him, slowing him, clutching and grabbing. But whatever his tribulations, Orr remains the pivot figure in the game, the single charismatic personality around whom the entire sport will coalesce in the decade of the '70s, as golf once coalesced around Arnold Palmer, baseball around Babe Ruth, football around John Unitas. Three years ago the cottage industry known as the National Hockey League reproduced like an amoeba and became 12 teams instead of six, and this season two more big-league clubs were added. The result has been dilutions, mismatches, distortions. Orr is the fixative that binds this unstable mess together.

Orr's style makes him the perfect player to lure fans to espumous hockey games. His coach, Tom Johnson, says, "Bobby has all the tricky moves, the fakes and blocks that excite the experts. He does things that no other hockey player can do, and a lot of people just take it for granted. But he also does the things that excite the newsmen: the risk-long rushes, the hard body checks and that whistling slap shot of his. He has the quality of directing the attention to himself. He *raas* things. The puck is on his stick half the time. If you're looking at your first hockey game—and lots of people are nowadays—all you do is watch Orr and you catch on fast."

Orr is on the ice, helping to kill a penalty. Three times St. Louis has rushed the length of the rink, and three times the Bruins defenders have stood fast. Now there are 30 seconds left in the penalty, and the Blues are threatening again. Christian Bordeleau winds up to shoot from the blue line. Out of nowhere Bobby Orr appears and lowers his stick across the line of the shot; the classic sweep check repels the puck, but Bordeleau has shot so hard that Orr's stick is knocked away. He lets it go and skates toward another St. Louis player whose stick is already on the backwing. Orr blocks the shot with his skate, chases the puck into the boards, immobilizes another St. Louis shooter and freezes the puck. One second later the teams are at equal strength. "Did you ever see a hockey player do things like that?" Tom Johnson asks later. No, never.

To students of Bobby Orr, the spectacular has become routine, and the routine has become unacceptable. One of a defenseman's primary jobs is to get the puck out of his own end and down the ice, and some players carry out this task with all the grace and ease of a starving man eating a pomegranate through a screen door. Orr does it routinely. "As soon as Bobby gets the puck on

his stick," says Tom Johnson, "you know it's coming out. People take it for granted. They forget that this isn't automatic. At least it never used to be."

When the Bruins are on offense Orr takes up the traditional defenseman's stance, guarding the point, but it by no means is certain that he will remain there. "If he has the puck at the point and somebody takes a run at him," says a teammate, "that's the end. He'll give them that one-two-arcle dance of his, that ballena twirl, and he's moving in on the net at top speed. No other defenseman would dare do this, because meanwhile he's leaving the whole wing wide open. But I've never seen him get caught."

"If Bobby has a problem," says Boston Goltender Gerry Cheevers, "it's just that he has no fear. No fear whatever. If nothing else will do, I swear he'll use his head to block a shot. He's already been hurt bad, and he'll keep on getting hurt. But that's his style. He won't change. He won't play it safe."

"He goes in the screaming maelstrom," says Frosty Fairbank. "He'll take a defenseman right across the goal mouth with him, full speed, a few inches from the post. And all I can think is one bad move and he's in the post! Except for some knee injuries, he's only been hurt bad once. Frank Mahovlich hit him, separated his shoulder and broke his collarbone. It's a wonder it hasn't happened 10 times since then. Touch wood!"

All the talk, all the praise, seems to make Orr more demanding of himself. "Let 'em say all those nice things," he says, "but I know my mistakes, and I make plenty of them. They say practice makes perfect, and they're wrong. Practice'll make you better, but nothing'll make you perfect. At least I'll never be. I do dumb things. Once I was rushing against the Rangers, and I crossed their blue line and I heard a voice say, 'Drop it! Drop it!' So I made this drop pass and skated in to screen the goalie, and by the time I turned around Vic Hadfield was on a breakaway for New York and he scored. He was the one that was saying, 'Drop it!' Every time I start to get a swelled head I think about that play or all the other mistakes I made and I still make. If the fans don't notice, well, so much the better." When he was a rookie Orr used to go to the bench quivering with rage about his ineptness and turn his head into the partition so that no one would see the tears of frustration. "The Orrs cry a lot," he says in his usual head-down mumble. "We're a blubbery, sentimental family of black Irish." But he no longer cries at hockey games.

In Orillia, Ontario, a pickup team of professional ice-hockey players is playing a benefit floor-hockey game against a team of retarded teen-agers. Up and down the hardwood floor they rush, trying to propel a doughnut-shaped piece of felt with broomsticks, and the checking is vicious. At a break in the action one of the retarded boys says to Bobby Orr, "Can I use your gloves?" The equipment trade is made, and the boy mumbles, "You

continued

know something I don't like you," Orr says gently, "I'm sorry you don't." The game continues, and the boys cheer. Orr savagely. Then at the final whistle he walks over to Orr and flaps the gloves right in his face. "I don't like you," he says again. Later Orr tells his friends, "Aw, it's nothing. He's just a poor retarded child who got something into his head." But when he reflects the story he finds it difficult to laugh and excuses himself to go into the kitchen for something he doesn't need.

"He's a bleeding heart and do-gooder, that's all," says his lawyer and friend, Alan Eagleson, a former athlete himself and Member of the Canadian Parliament. "And most of it's private. He doesn't even tell me about it. He doesn't get receipts, and we lose all kinds of tax deductions because he doesn't make a record of it. Every once in a while he clears out his whole wardrobe and gives it to the priest over at the Sacred Heart in Watertown. No, Bobby's no Catholic, he's barely even a Baptist. But he's the most Christian man I've ever known. He'll get \$500 for an appearance somewhere, and he'll give it to the first charity worker he sees. I asked him what happened to his bonus check last year. He says, 'Oh, I remember, I endorsed it over to Father Chase.' You wouldn't have space to list the things he's honorary chairman of: Muscular Dystrophy Association of Canada, United Fund of Boston, March of Dimes, all kinds of things. But that isn't where his time goes. His time goes in visiting hospitals, orphan homes, poor kids, things like that. It's more than a duty with him, it's an obsession."

Orr's charitable activities have become a quiet legend in hockey, even while he does his best to keep them personal and private. He turns the subject off whenever it comes up. It takes a week of persistent questioning to elicit the following: "O.K., I'm lucky, right? I've been gifted, right? But the world is full of people who've not been gifted. Not only haven't been gifted, but have had things taken away from them. All I have to do is see one of them—some little girl that can't walk and yet she keeps on smiling at me, some lady like Deanna Delendi who goes home to an iron lung every night and still gives me a kiss and a hug after every hockey game. All I have to do is see someone like that and then I don't think I'm such a big hero anymore. I think that compared to those people I'm a very small article! A very small, lucky article! It knocks me down pretty bloody fast. It sits deep into me, and I'd rather not talk about it. It's very personal with me. Ask me about bread or butter, anything else."

"He's been too damn good, and he better cut it out," says a teammate. "He's even given money to some hockey players. He thinks it's a loan, but it's a gift. He'll never see it again. All this running around to mental hospitals and V.A. hospitals and poor people's parades—it's gonna start showing up on the ice, in his play. This is his big problem, the way other people have problems with liquor or dope or women."

"It's reached the point where something's got to give," says Frosty Forestell. "It's either gonna be his play or his charities. Every time I turn around in the apartment there's five kids from Cerebral Palsy and a photographer, and it's time to go to the game and Bobby's saying, 'No, no, no hurry, this is more important,' and he'll sit there forever with those kids."

Early afternoon in Boston. The Bruins have finished a short workout, and now several of them have repaired to the 99 Club, a Jitneyan bar-and-lunchroom not far from the Boston Garden. One of them is Bobby Orr. He is sitting at the restaurant table eating cheeseburgers and drinking beer and pausing every few minutes to sign an autograph or accept an outstretched hand.

The bartender comes over to the table for about the fifth time. He bears ships of paper for autographs, and he issues instructions, which Orr meticulously follows. "Write 'To I love from your pal Bobby Orr,'" the bartender says. "Here, on this one make it 'To Julie with love.' She's 5. On this one here make it 'Dear Barbie—that's B-A-R-B-I-E, hope you get well soon!'"

From time to time various women appear at this far end of the bar, and Orr is not unappreciative of their charms. A few women detach themselves from the bottles and saunter over for introductions. Orr is polite and restrained. A teammate whispers, "Bobby's got this thing about women, see. They all want to mother him and follow him home and do his cooking and everything else, and Bobby's as normal as the next guy, right? But then he can't get rid of them. It's not as if him to treat a woman badly. So when he's seen enough of some broad still take him four months to let her down gently."

The afternoon wears on. Orr is drinking beer after beer and is showing no effects whatever. If the Chicago Black Hawks cannot knock him down, neither can Michelob.

"See that bartender?" Orr says to a victim. "That's Tommy Maher. Watch out or he'll hit you for a five- or 10-dollar bill. A few weeks later you'll get a note from the cancer ward of some children's hospital thanking you for helping them get a color TV. He's always selling my equipment. I gave him my skates, he unstained them off for \$1,000 for a youth center. Now he wants my shirt and my socks."

Late in the afternoon Orr and the philanthropic, bartender retire to a corner table. "What're they doing?" someone asks.

"They're working out their charity deals," a Bruin player answers. "They're figuring where they can do the most with what they've got."

An unbelieving observer slides over to see what he can hear. "Get me all the tickets you can,"



Maher is saying "I can get \$54 for expansion-game tickets and \$116 for regular. When they find out it's for the youth center they get the dough up fast." The two men are talking some over, as though planning a bank job. "Another thing," Maher says, "this year I can get \$5,000 for the skates. You just decide where you want it to go." The last thing the observer hears is Orr telling Maher, "No, Tommy, you're wrong about that one. I think we get a better deal from the nun . . ."

"He is entirely unmotivated by any personal desire for money," says Alan Eagleson. "If he doesn't want to do something he won't do it no matter what the money. I have him on an allowance of about \$20,000 a year, and he looks back maybe half of it unused. He makes a quarter of a million a year off the ice—endorsements and private deals and things—and I'm not saying how much on the ice. He'll be a multimillion in a few years, and he couldn't care less."

In a crassly materialistic society it almost requires the use of hallucinogenic drugs to comprehend Bobby Orr and his relationship to money, things, possessions. In the world of sport, where so many people are willing to sell their souls for \$50 and a genuine simulated Leatherette wallet, Bobby Orr is *us* *generis*. If, for example, you were to walk into Orr's high-rise luxury apartment overlooking Boston's Back Bay and Beacon Hill and hand him the keys and the title to a brand-new \$20,000 Lamborghini sports coupe, Orr most likely would say thank you and hand them back. He already has more luxury cars than he needs—and they cost him nothing. He drives a blue Cadillac Eldorado, allows friends to drive another frothy car that is replaced each year with a new model, and his father drives still a third, a fancy station wagon. Snowmobile companies line up for the honor of giving the Orr family of Parry Sound, Ontario half a dozen of the latest models each year. A former mistress that Orr took a full-length mink coat as a gift, "but I chickened out on that one," Orr recalls. His consuming passion is anonymity. "That mink coat wouldn't have helped at all," he says, laughing.

The ease with which Orr turns dollars is probably unmatched in sport; certainly it is unmatched in the mid-range sport called hockey. Bobby Orr Enterprises Ltd., a Canadian corporation, sails blithely upward toward the multimillion level, and the only fingers that Orr must lift to earn most of the money are raised in his normal role as a hockey player. His most recent deal, for an unannounced but large sum, requires him to play golf with a few important people two or three times a year and show up at the company's Christmas party. Nothing more. Another company gave him \$10,000 for doing two radio commercials and making a single appearance. He has deals with Yardley of London, B&C Pens, General Motors, General Foods and others. He owns all or part

of a hockey camp, a cat wash, apartment projects, various common stocks, a farm, a condominium in Florida. A picture book about him, *Orr on Ice*, was expected to sell 5,000 copies; it sold 30,000 copies in the first three weeks and will probably top out at around the 100,000 mark. He has been offered \$15,000 in advance for a book to be called *Dear Bobby: Children's Letters to Bobby Orr*, a literary motif that has heretofore been restricted to God, Santa and Art Linkletter.

"All of this is going on around him, and he doesn't give a damn," says Eagleson. "He'll think nothing of carrying \$20,000 worth of checks for five months. He gave me a check last June that he's had in his wallet since Jan. 18. It was for \$11,000. I think one reason for this is that a part of him doesn't want to have this kind of money because it sets him apart from his teammates, and that's the one thing he hates the most in the world. That's the one thing he'll fight you about, if you set him up as something apart from the team. He's the best team man there ever was."

It is 4:30 in the afternoon, and the night game at the grumpy old Boston Garden will not begin until 8, but Robert Gordon Orr is already lounging on a bed in the Bruins' training room. "Hey," he says to no one in particular, "can a girl know you for two days and be in love with you?"

"Bobby, why don't you stop asking questions like that all the time?" Frosty Forenall says. "Stop taking 'em all so serious."

"Well, she brought me a nice present," Orr says. "It made me wonder."

"Yeah," Forenall says, "everything that happens makes you wonder."

"To tell you the truth, I think I've got the perfect number of girl friends right now," Orr says.

"How many's that?"

"Four."

It will be an hour before the other players begin trooping in, and Orr occupies the time taping his sticks and badgering Forenall. "Hey," Orr says, "how much do you pay for that shirt?"

"I think \$13," the assistant trainer says.

"For that price you coulda got a new one!" Orr says, and laughs at his own joke. A few minutes go by, and he says, "Hey, did you know there was a Chinese goaltender in the league?"

"Yeah? Who?"

"Lum Lee!" (The player was Harry Lumley.) Don Awrey walks in. "Who were you wrestling on the fight the other night?" Orr asks.

"I don't know," Awrey says disgustedly. "But he had the worst breath in Canada."

"Hey, Slippery Lips," Derek (Turk) Sanderson says to Orr. And Orr whispers, "Turk's been calling me Slippery Lips ever since we had a big argument the other night. He said in football a field goal's measured from the line of scrimmage, and



rostrum

I said it's measured from the point of the kick, and I proved it to him and he still won't admit I'm right. Watch!" He cups his hands and calls into the locker room. "Hey, Turk, a field goal's measured from the point of the kick, right?"

The voice of Boston's dead-end kid comes back loud and clear. "No, it ain't!" he says.

"See?" Orr says. "He just won't admit he's wrong. He's a great kid, but he just won't admit when he's wrong." He lets a few minutes go by, then calls: "Hey, Turk, I read in the paper there's a new Joe Namath fan club, but there wasn't any mention of a new Turk Sanderson fan club."

"Bleep Joe Namath," the voice responds.

"See?" Orr says gleefully. "He's mad now! See how easy it is?" Later Sanderson stomps by, three inches taller in his skates. "It's measured from the line of scrimmage!" he says to Orr.

"O K., O K.," says Orr. "If you say so, Turk!" The two teammates begin laughing and head out toward the ice together.

"Bobby Orr is a whole 'nother ball game, a whole new breed of superstar," says a National Hockey League official. "He brings a new image to the game. He's modest, he's restrained, he's understated. He's the exact opposite of a Joe Namath. Namath reached millionaire status as a kind of mixed-up antihero, but Orr will reach it as a hero in the classic sense. The ones who cultivate the image of the big bad athlete, boasting or chasing broads or blowing their cool, they're the vanishing breed, the Namaths, the Denny McLauns. The Bobby Orrs are the incoming breed, and we better be thankful they are around."

"It's very nice of people to say that I have a special role," says Bobby Orr. "But all I can do about it is go out there and play the very best I can. I can't let it bug me. We have 18 guys and they all play to win. The Bruins, they're team guys."

On this night the Bruins have lost at home for the first time in 29 consecutive games at the Garden, and everyone dresses quietly. A few players grumble about the clutch-and-grab hockey played by the opponents. Bobby Orr says almost nothing. He has been snafked all evening. He hit the post on two successive rushes and the second enemy goal—the one that salted away the 2-0 game—shot over Orr's stick and into an empty net; an utterly excusable event, but one that bothers him nonetheless. "Come on," he says grumpily, "let's get out of here."

Outside the dressing room the usual crowd waits. Orr signs a few autographs and bends over Deanna Delendi's wheelchair to kiss her on the cheek. "How's your love life?" she says.

"I'm waiting for you," Orr says.

"Watch out," the young woman says. "I'll jump right out of this chair!" Orr backs away in mock horror.

"Isn't she something?" he says on the way to the parking lot. "You start out feeling sorry for her, but you get over that fast. The little bugger—she doesn't feel sorry for herself, so why should you?"

Orr fumbles a long time for the car keys. He burns rubber driving the Eldorado out of its private parking space and distractedly cuts off another car when he reaches the street. A truck, in turn, cuts him off, and Orr stands on the brakes and curses. "Two tie, all tie, you bleep!" he says. A few seconds later he crosses the yellow double line. He takes the West Boston Bridge over the Charles River, guns the long blue car the wrong way up a one-way street and swerves sharply into the parking lot of a hotel. "Come on," he says. "I got a quiet bar up here."

The entertainment at the "quiet bar" turns out to be nine carousing marathons, three of them on brass, and by the time Alan Eagleson and another lawyer and Orr's petite young late date arrive the conversation has unavoidably become loud. A frowning *maitre d'hôtel* comes over and beckons Orr and his friends to speak more softly, and Orr says, "You listen to me! Don't you ever come over to my table and tell me and my friends to be quiet!"

"What the hell," Orr says when the cowed *maitre d'* leaves, "let's have another round and forget our worries." He orders beer for himself and drinks for the others. After a suitable interval one of the members of the party says softly, "You don't like to lose, do you, Bob?"

Orr looks at him quizzically. "Does anybody?" he says. But he relaxes the look. "No," he says, "nobody on our club likes to lose. Nobody in sports likes to lose. But sometimes you have to. Sometimes it's good for the team." He laughs. "Anyway, that's what I keep telling myself." He orders another round.

"Hey, Alan," Orr ones over the marathons' din. "How much did you pay for that shirt?"

"I heard that one!" Eagleson shouts back.

"Yeah? Well, did you know there was a Chinese goaltender in the league?"

"I heard that one, too, but if it'll make you feel better, go ahead."

"Lum Lee," says Bobby Orr, and three tables are convulsed with laughter.

END



Only three more Christmases till Tuesday.

We keep taking the long view. This year, Christmas falls on a Friday, the year after on a Saturday, the year after that on a Monday.

But in 1973, it's a whole new ball game.



Meanwhile, Tuesday (every Tuesday) remains the official day to savour Teacher's Scotch, the cream of Highland whiskies. Fortunately,

there's nothing in the rule book that says Teacher's can't be given on a Friday. Or any other day of the week, for that matter. Keep the faith.



Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous

Who's



Theodore Roosevelt 1900-1910



Babe Ruth 1920-1930



Joe Louis 1930-1940



Jim Thorpe 1910-1920



Joe DiMaggio 1940-1950

Next?

A decade from now, when a Sportsman of the '70s can be selected, Bobby Orr may or may not have earned a place with the men shown here, personalities who reigned as dominant figures in their times. As of today, he is merely off to a sterling start, an innovative and skillful young man who typifies much that happened in 1970. It was a year in which youth was insistent and often exceptional, vitality abounded, conformity was out. Age was served, Brooks Robinson and George Blanda were peerless as old pros. An era passed, was it not just Vince Lombardi but what he stood for, too, that died so unexpectedly? And self-proclaimed individualism ruled; clipping was a penalty that few crew-cut coaches dared impose.

Still, in the long view, this decade probably began no more eventfully than the others of this century. Teddy Roosevelt confronted the conservation battle, Joe Louis knew a reeling economy, Joe DiMaggio a war. But somehow, the years with zeroes at the end, 1900-1930-1940 and the lot, seem especially worth remembering. On the following pages are the sporting highlights of the latest one—down to the last laugh.



John Unitas 1950-1960



Arnold Palmer 1960-1970



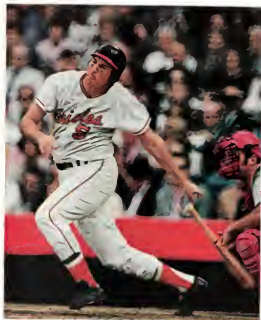
Give him some top cover. Consider the trees in his territory. Some birds make nice tracks in the soil and some of them are very noisy. The other ones when they fly over the ground are noisy. When they fly over the ground they are noisy. When they fly over the ground they are noisy. When they fly over the ground they are noisy.



A Series Where No Man Was Safe

At least no Cincinnati Red. In the stirring scene below, the catcher missed the tag, the runner missed the plate and the umpire missed it all. His call of "out" may have cost the Reds a game, but it hardly mattered because Brooks Robinson (right) never missed anything.







Losers Weepers at the Arc



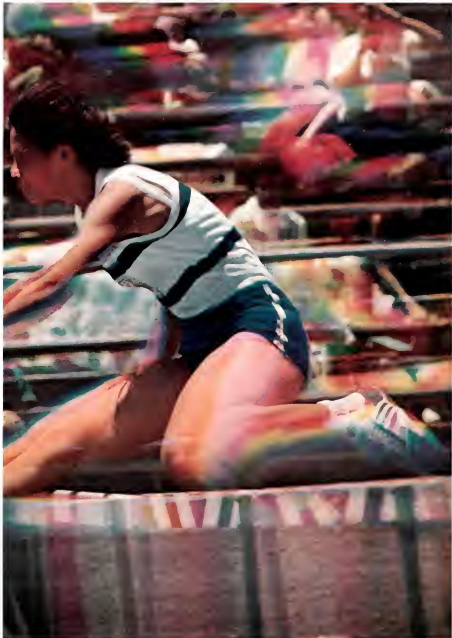
Trainer plus a woman rider and Truett's big old
 friend where a 100 lb. is tied with Owner
 Charles Engelhard every one for a momentary view.



The Ladies Were Off and Running

Displaying in their fashion that it was no year to be glib about lib, three women athletes turned in commanding performances. Diane Crump was engaging as the first filly in the Kentucky Derby since Silver Spoon in 1959, and Margaret Court was superb winning the Grand Slam. But none could surpass the grace and glory of Chi Cheng, who broke three world records and tied two





One That Will Rank with the Classics



The setting, St. Andrews, was worthy of the action as Jack Nicklaus beat Sanders in a frenzied British Open playoff, threw his putter and almost crowned—again!—poor Doug ibelowi. Uncrowned, too, was Tony Jacklin, who shot a wondrous 29, only to lose everything in a storm and the gone right.







From Sea to Shining Sea

America the beautiful looked in a mirror and for the first time saw the burden that had been placed upon the land. The people-nature conflict was now plain—as plain as on this New York beach



Many's the Slip 'tween the...



FICKER
IS
QUICKER



The staid old competition for the America's Cup turned into a circus, complete with aerial act and a guaranteed crash a day. In the very first race the Auburn tangled Gretel's spinnaker into an hourglass nightmare and then broke a 100-year record by losing a man overboard. The next time out the U.S. not to be outbumped had to have a crewman airlifted to a hospital after he was stung by a bee. Then came a crash, cries of foul, charges of home-on-on release, and even the threat of a floating mine. But ifough the cup swayed, it stayed, thanks to bold, bold Bill Ficker and the beauty of night. (revised)







In one of the fiery moments of a crash-marred season, Jacky Ickx scrambled to safety from his flaming Ferrari in the Spanish Grand Prix. By fall

he was racing's leading driver, for accidents had claimed highly ranked Bruce McLaren as well as the world driving champion, Jochen Rindt.

Richie Allen, ever a slugger,
on artificial playing surfaces:

“ If a horse
can't eat it, I don't want
to play on it. ”



Marty Liquori to Kip Keino as the Kenyan
stopped during their confrontation:

“ Don't quit, dammit! ”



Baren Marcel Bich after getting lost in fog and
beaten by Australia's 'Gretel II'

“ Je suis d'honneur. ”



Words to Live by



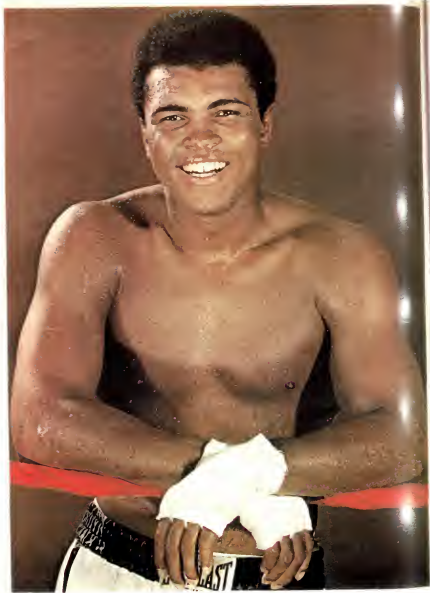
Dave Hill on the U.S. Open course at Hazeltine:

“All it needs is 80 acres of corn and some cows.”



Bridgeport Jet Linebacker Wally Florence after crashing into Patricia Palinkov

“I tried to break her neck.”



Two Who Were in Motion with Emotion



The most controversial figures in sport, Joe Namath and Muhammad Ali, continued to act out their very special roles. Playing or playboying, on the field or in the flicks, in a hel-

met or a coat Namath was the idol of his fans. And so it was, too, with Ali, no matter if he fought or not, was jolled or not, regained his heavyweight title or not, he ruled.



Expression in Days of Dissent

The era's passion for self-expression did not spare sport. Sometimes the feelings were principled, as when the umps had a ball of a strike and the Princeton P stood for peace. And sometimes not, as benched



New York fight referee had his first fight on the side. But also there was the formidable, Gory Player. His life threatened, needed armed guards, and Cleveland Catcher Ray Fosse was injured by a cherry bomb.

And Days of...

...Giggles





PRONISE SCHEDULE AND SCHEDULE VOLUME BY DIVIS
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VALUE
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Bob Boone, Custom Rubber Products Inc., uses this System/3 report to schedule jobs. IBM has a booklet called "Management Reports in the Small Business." For your copy, write: Director, Basic Systems Marketing, Dept. 807BS1, IBM Data Processing Division, 1133 Westchester Avenue, White Plains, New York 10604.

10/10/70

Bob Boone says running a business by the seat of your pants is a good way to lose your shirt.

Bob Boone's company, Custom Rubber Products Inc., of Houston, makes rubber and plastic components for large industries.

"Even though it's a small business," Bob says, "I can't afford to run it by the seat of my pants. I need hard facts."

That's why he decided to get IBM's small computer, System/3.

Now every morning System/3 tells him the production status of every job. When one step has been completed. When the next should begin.

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IBM

The company behind the computer



WHO BLEW THE U.S. NOSE COUNT?

by FRANK DEFORD

Where did we go wrong? You say the 1970 census shows the number of bores is declining? Impossible. Have you checked all the sports?

Dec. 7, 1970

From: Director, U.S. Census Bureau
To: All District Managers

Artic: Urgent! Your Eyes Only!

A close study of all 1970 U.S. census figures examined so far reveals a striking discrepancy in one area of our sophisticated tabulations. The figures show conclusively, that when the final official count is in, the number of bores in the United States will have declined by at least 42%, and possibly by as much as 48%. Even accepting the lower estimate, our count will show that the bore population of the U.S. has diminished by 14.5 million persons. Obviously, this is at great odds with the facts, and the publication of these figures will raise grave doubts about the validity of the entire census. Anyone who has had to deal recently with dental technicians, stockbrokers or working mothers, anyone who has seen Merv Griffin on TV or faced up to Tom 'n' Nancy Seaver, knows that the bore population in America is more visible than ever, and increasing at

an alarming rate. Where have our calculations gone wrong?

It is imperative that a complete re-examination of our tabulations in this area be made immediately. Accordingly, I am herewith ordering a complete re-study of all 1970 data pertaining to bores. Moreover, I would like each and every one of you to meet here in Washington next Monday morning at 0900 hours in the office of the deputy director. If a re-examination of our records does not indicate that a gross error has been made, I will expect immediately a complete analysis detailing the reasons why the bore population is declining in the United States.

Gentlemen, the honor of the 1970 census is at stake.

Dec. 10, 1970

From: Deputy Director, U.S. Census Bureau

Director

Re: Base Totals

I must inform you that, following a care-

ful check of our figures as well as consultation with all district managers in my office this morning, we still conclude that the preliminary U.S. bore figures are substantially correct. As indicated by the early figures, the bore population has declined precipitously. Presently, we estimate that this group has decreased 47.2% during the last decade, or by 15,731,689 persons.

In accordance with your request, we have conducted a full survey of all regions to uncover the reasons for this unexpected development. Following are the conclusions that, it seems, help explain this surprising phenomenon:

1) While the number of measurable overt bores has declined, as reported, all evidence suggests that the number of latent bores is increasing apace. This would jibe with your own intuitive response to the figures.

2) Except for isolated instances, the bore population count matched our projected estimates in the regions of warm climate, while falling short in areas of less moderate temperatures. For instance, the number of bores in Harlingen, Texas came within 0.02% of our projected estimate; the total in Dothan, Ala. was only 0.04% off our projected estimate. By contrast, in some areas of Vermont and Idaho, the real bore population has declined by as much as 86%.

3) A computer analysis of selected sites from all sections of the country showed, in every instance, within less than 1% chance of possible error, that an increase in the number of skiers in the area was directly related to a decrease in the number of bores. Specifically, our preliminary polling suggests that for every single new skier, 12.6 bores are removed from the rolls—or, at least, transfer from the overt to latent categories.

Conclusion: People who ski are so overwhelmingly boring that they are dominating the field, and making it impossible for other bores to exercise their God-given abilities.

To help understand this conclusion, I must refer to the study we made, based on our 1960 figures, of the U.S. bore population. At that time, I am sure you will remember, we were able to isolate the 10 classic strains of bores. They were:

1) Automobile Bore

2) Clothes Bore

3) Children/Grandchildren Bore (See particularly Boss & Neighbor's epic work in this area detailing the modern meth-

oids employed to display wallet snap-shots.)

4) Travel Bore

5) Sex Bore (The classic study in this field, updating all previous work, is Reuben & Schaap's recent *I Can't Help It If I Get More Tedium Every Day*.)

6) Child Bore

7) Athletic Bore

a. Pro Football Bore

b. Golf Bore

c. Other

8) Weather Bore

9) Medical Bore

10) Stock Market Tip Bore (Removed from the list March 18, 1969 to be replaced by Credit Card Bore.)

As you know, any American can qualify to become a bore merely by exhibiting repetitive proficiency in any one of these 10 departments. It has been rare indeed to find anyone capable of standing out as a bore in as many as five departments. I'm sure you will recall our former champion bore, Tidas Phik, of Seaford, Del., who qualified in what was then the astonishing total of seven bore categories, and, in a final exciting burst, added an eighth (category No. 6, Child Bore) on his deathbed, when he said: "That's all she wrote."

Nowadays, however, it is not uncommon in the least for skiers to be boring—after only one weekend's activity near the slopes—in eight or even nine of the 10 departments. Several skiers (see File E-723961) have actually managed a 10-for-10, although one must be especially dexterous to be simultaneously boring about how well his beautiful children schuss (Children Bore), while also detailing how quickly he plundered a blonde secretary from Samsonite that he met at the bar in the lodge (Sex Bore).

Not only do Ski Bore overhelm your average bore in his own limited specialty area, they also exercise the facility of moving right on to being just as boring in a whole other field. For instance, a run-of-the-mill Travel Bore might, in the past, have stood out in any crowd merely by saying: "I know Portugal's right this time of year, but me and the missus are going to the Yugoslavian beaches anyway because all the German tourists have left by now."

A Ski Bore, however, can put that quickly to shame by replying: "After we got back from Vail we were thinking about going to Mt. Snow for the weekend, but then the charter flight to

Austria and Peru came up with two openings, so we just had to grab that instead." Then, while the Travel Bore is still stunned, the Ski Bore will hardly draw a breath before blithely skipping on to any number of other bore areas, such as Medical Boredom: "And the marvelous thing is, since I discovered this great little back specialist I have a brace that is so lightweight it permits me to ski all day without pain. Also, it has cleared up my sinuses and an old war injury, which I suffered shortly after the Inchon landings." Or, Automobile Bore: "And the incredible thing is that in my new Remus KT-74, with the automatic camshaft and special revolving headlight beams, we are able to get from Philadelphia to the Vermont border in 37 minutes. You take I-64 to the Dallas interchange, make a left there at 471, cut back on the old Des Moines Turnpike, go four miles over to the Alcan Highway Extension and follow that till you hit the Gulfstream. We get 632 miles to the gallon, burning 14¢ diesel fuel, and with our special ski rack we are able to seat 12 in the front and 17 in the rear, with luggage."

While this sort of performance is disheartening to bores of all categories, none have suffered as much as the Pro Football Bore, whose dramatic rise into the top 10 was chronicled so well in our 1960 Census Report analysis (*Sumner's Bores*, Rozelle & Cosell). Normally, an average Pro Football Bore could stand his ground with a detailed analysis of tight-end philosophy that he divined from Sunday's telecast (along with the obligatory observation that "a rookie in the defensive backfield is worth a touchdown in every game"), but our research shows that Ski Bore, having seen the same game on TV at the lodge, are capable not only of retorting in kind, but bringing in their own athletic intricacies of the weekend.

Beyond this intimidation, skiers have shown an ability to unnerve and confuse traditional bores with a devious procedure for which there is no precedent. Classically, bores have been very zealous about their own area of competence. Children/Grandchildren Bore do not, for instance, wish to hear about anyone else's offspring. They will, in fact, acknowledge only grudgingly that others possess the facility to have children at all. Automobile Bore assume that everyone else drives a pickup truck or a six-

continued

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Some of these ideas of ours will save you money.

This one may also save your life.

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cylinder station wagon. Clothes Bores smile condescendingly from their Guccis and Puccis and say, "It's amazing you could still find that style on the rack."

But Ski Bores possess a missionary instinct. They virtually demand that non-skiers take up the exercise. Not only are traditional bores stunned by this phenomenon, they are overwhelmed by the Cliché Bore employed to convince them that they must try skiing. Students of the art are particularly fascinated by the Ski Bore's repeated use of the word "really," which is designed as an authoritative substitute for genuine documentation of facts. To wit:

"You can get there in an hour and 45 minutes. Really."

"It's the greatest thing I've ever done in my life. Really."

"You can rent skis very cheaply. Really. And you can charge a whole magnificent ski outfit for next to nothing. Really. And then you can wear the clothes for a whole lot of other things. Really."

"No, it's actually very easy. Really. This broken leg was strictly a fluke thing. Really."

"Nobody cares if you don't ski. Really. You can sit in the lodge and drink all day long. Really. A lot of people do. Really. And you should see the breads that hang around. Really."

"Nobody laughs at you. Really. My 2-year-old picked it up right away. Really. The lifts are cheap. Really. And you can make it up there in an hour and a half. Really."

This explains, conclusively, why the general bore population has decreased so dramatically. It is retreating en masse from the Ski Bores. You must keep in mind, however, that the latent bore population remains very large, and there is solid evidence that many in this group will, in the next decade, feel obligated to restore themselves to the ranks of the bores in the only logical way—by becoming skiers.

It is the conclusion of this department that a crisis situation faces us in the '70s as the latent bore population shifts to skiing. The point may even be reached when not only will all skiers be bores, but all bores will be skiers. If this occurs, the stability and sanity of the entire United States is threatened, or: Department of Health, Education and Welfare

Office of the Surgeon General

END

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with any other Scotch.**

**They're the Cutty People.
They've made Cutty
America's No. 1
gift Scotch.**

**Make it a
Cutty Christmas.
Cutty People know.**

A detailed photograph of a Cutty Sark whisky bottle and its gift box. The bottle is dark with a gold label that reads 'CUTTY SARK', 'BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY', and 'ESTD 1822'. The gift box is gold with a black label that says 'CUTTY SARK SCOTCH WHISKY FIFTH'. In the foreground, two glasses filled with whisky and ice sit on a dark surface. A red bow and a small card with a floral design are also visible. The background is dark and textured.

America's No. 1 Scotch.



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It happens every Salem.

NATURAL MENTHOL. Not the artificial kind. That's what gives Salem a taste as soft and fresh as Springtime. It's only natural.



Sir Francis Chichester is to sail out of Plymouth again this week, hoping to smash speed records by covering the 4,000 miles between Portuguese Guinea and San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua in 20 days. He has stowed six bottles of brandy and two of champagne to celebrate Christmas. A speed record is not all that is going to be smashed.

Nice People Award: I

Goes to **President Jomo Kenyatta**, who has warned all hunters to stay away from **Ahmed**, a big, lanky, battle-scarred old bull elephant who is now legendary around Kenya. When word got out recently that two Americans planned to shoot Ahmed, 5,000 letters, wires and cards of protest poured in, and Kenyatta proclaimed that Ahmed is not, in his twilight years, to be "hunted or harassed by any person." Way to go, sir. And since Ahmed doesn't lumber around wearing a big sign saying "Ahmed," the twilight years of a lot of other battle-scarred old elephants are bound to be a lot better, too.

Nice People Award: II

Goes to **Leon Ozols and Mirdza Malins**, who work in the Toronto-Dominion Centre in downtown Toronto. Birds just keep banging into the Centre's twin towers, knocking themselves silly, and so far this season Ozols and Malins have saved more than 100 of them. They do it with gentle, mouth-to-beak resuscitation.

No wisecracks, please. But, well, it is a sort of sweet story at that.

Here's a seasonal cheer for those 11 Butler University football players who are moonlighting around Indianapolis as department-store Santas. They are big and chunky enough to be believable, sitting up at, oh, around 250 pounds, and great

with kids. When a big tackle rears back and hollers "Have a Merry Christmas?" what little kid is going to dare not to?

◆ **Bobby Orr**, SI's Sportsman of the Year, is swell for our cover, but for the middle of a \$10 bill the Massachusetts police still prefer **Alexander Hamilton**. The phony bills bearing Orr's picture have been floating around the Boston area since October and, though blank on one side, they are convincing enough when folded and handed over in a dim light to have fooled several bartenders. Not the barmaid in a Marlborough, Mass. pub, however, where an unemployed draftsman recently tried to get rid of one. He was arrested and charged with "uttering," which is the legal term for passing counterfeit money—and the everyday term for what recipients do a lot of when they get it.

A Sporting Salute to our Masculine Men on Capitol Hill.

First, Wisconsin **Senator William Proxmire** tried to bound athletically onto a rostrum to impress his constituents and pulled a leg muscle. He is still a bit sore but claims he keeps in shape by doing his usual daily 328 push-ups plus sit-ups. For now he has stopped being a bouncer.

And **Representative James Fulton** of Pennsylvania is a walking hit. Carries this pedometer on his belt while walking around and around the Rayburn Building and claims he clicks off 25 to 30 miles a week. Last time he got in to see the President he insisted on giving him a pedometer for his belt, too. And that's probably the last time he'll get in to see the President.

And one must not forget Illinois **Representative Kenneth Gray**. He keeps in line shape by flying his brand-new helicopter.



ter. But it is not all one guy, mad whirl. He had to make a forced landing in a pasture. He went for help and came back to find his nice new copter surrounded by cows. They had licked off all the paint.

A special yuletide toast to:

Anne Hayes, otherwise known as **Mrs. Woody**, who appeared with Ohio State's big daddy on a Columbus TV show. "I was approached three times by people asking me if I was going to get a divorce," said Anne. "That's not true. Just because Woody hasn't been home since August is no sign we don't get along. Now the season is over, I'm going to keep him for another year." To which Woody growled, blushing, "Awww, she just wants to go to the Rose Bowl game."

Some added starters on television's *Archie Street* team for 1971 will be **Ed Kraneopel** and **Art Shumsky** of the Mets and **Mike Riordan**, **Dick Barnett** and **Walt Frazier** of the Knicks. The boys will be teaching kids to count from one to 10 and even beyond, and none of them, please note, is a bower. Tacful, those *Seaside Street* people.

Meanwhile, the season's BAH, HUMBUG! Awards go to:

England's **Angus Primrose**, who learned that **Prime Minister Edward Heath** has commissioned the New York firm of **Sparkman & Stephens** to design his new yacht. Said Primrose:

"It's absolutely ludicrous. Britain has always been able to build good boats." Primrose designs yachts, by the way.

To **Pete Rozelle**, who has banned the use of those festive air horns to salute touchdowns at NFL games. For eight years now retired Baltimore cop **Leroy Moody** has been tooting his horn at Memorial Stadium, and he says everybody likes it, even **Spiro Agnew**, who said so himself the time that he sat behind Leroy in a game. But Rozelle sent a letter to the Colts, and they sent security guards around to Leroy (that's Section T, Row 22, Seat 7) to tell him one more time and they'd take his horn away.

To British **Major Gerald Gundry**, who convinced the R.A.F. Red Arrows aerobatic team to go fly somewhere else besides over Kemble, Gloucestershire during the Duke of Beaufort's fox hunts. Until Gundry got into the act, the howl of the jet planes would put off the dogs something awful. And when the hounds were confused, the foxes would get away.

And to **Dr. Neil Bass**, who is a marine biologist and ought to know better. Dr. Bass says he is pretty sure there is a monster in Scotland's Loch Ness, where everybody's true favorite monster lives. Another monster, indeed. Pay no attention to him, *Nesque*.

TRUMP OR NO TRUMP



How often does your postmortem begin: "Partner, I guess we should (or should not) have played that one at no trump"? If the words sound familiar, then this quiz is liable to be a tough one. To keep it simple, let's assume that you open four-card major suits and use the normal two-club response to locate a major suit fit following a 16-to-18-point no-trump opening. Per for the course is 100. If you score better, your net results at the table should generally show on the plus side. If you score less, maybe we have uncovered a weakness in your game and can help set you on the right track. For all hands both sides are vulnerable.

CONSTRUCTION BY ASHUR TAKAGILIAN



As dealer, what do you bid?



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1 NT. PASS 1

What do you bid?



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1 ♠ PASS 2 ♥ PASS
2 ♠ PASS 1

What do you bid?

2

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 N.T.	PASS	?	

What do you bid?

3

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS

What do you bid?

4

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 N.T.	PASS	?	

What do you bid?

5

As dealer, what do you bid?

6

As dealer, what do you bid?

7

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 N.T.	PASS	?	

What do you bid?

9

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 N.T.	2 ♥	?	

What do you bid?

10

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	?	

What do you bid?

11

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	2 ♠	3 ♠	PASS

What do you bid?

13

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
?			

What do you bid?

14

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
?			

What do you bid?

15

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	?	

What do you bid?

THE ANSWERS

1 ♠ 10 1 ♠ 8 1 ♠ 5 1 NT minus 1

When you open one no trump you notify partner that the upper limit of your hand is 18 high-card points. You must also count your distributional points, if any, to make sure that it does not exceed 18. If partner holds fewer than eight points, he will know that your combined total will be less than the 26 required for game. If you bid one no trump with more than 18, partner will pass with many hands that offer a reasonable play for game. We prefer a club opening followed by a two-no-trump rebid over any one-level response, including one no trump. Since your jump to two no trump shows 19 to 20 points, partner will continue bidding with anything more than a six-point minimum.

2 3 NT 10 2 ♣ 7 2 NT 4 pass 1

Although you have only nine high-card points and your combined total may be only 25, you hold such fine intermediate cards that you should have a good play for game even opposite a 16-point minimum. With no ruffing values, there is little point to bidding two clubs in search of a spade fit; however, you may be intending to bid three no trump next anyway, so the award schedule gives two clubs the benefit over a timid two no trump. The point for a pass reflects my holiday spirit and is also a sop for the one time in 10 that three no trump might be defeated.

3 3 NT 10 4 ♣ 7 3 NT 6 3 ♣ 2

With such excellent holdings to be led up to in the unbid suits, your hand is apt to produce as many tricks at no trump as it is at spades. You should therefore attempt to get this message across to partner by trying for game at no trump. Two no trump gives partner three options: three no trump, three spades and four spades, any of which you will pass. Of the two slight overbids given credit, the jump to game at spades is more justified by the extra point for your doubleton club. And the two points awarded three spades is to cover both the diffidence of lady partners and the caution of buck passers who know that their partners sometimes bid much too much. A pass, however, is too craven for any credit, even at Christmas time.

4 3 NT 10 2 NT 3 pass minus 1

This is the time to make a commonsense bid. The "book" says that you may raise with only seven high-card points if you have a good five-card minor suit. But a six-card suit facing a one-no-trump opening is very likely to produce as many as six tricks. Two no trump gets a bone because there are times when partner will be able to bid three and times when, unlikely, he won't be able to make nine tricks. A two-club or three-club response can only cause confusion and gets no marks here. As for a pass, the minus award speaks for itself.

5 2 NT 10 1 ♠ 5

The fact that you hold a good five-card major is no bar to opening two no trump; in fact the long suit allows you to shade your requirement from a 22-point to a 21-point minimum in high cards. One heart will often lead to a sound result, but if the eventual contract is to be no trump it will probably play better from your side. Furthermore, this hand will often produce nine tricks at no trump facing many a holding (such as ♠ 10x ♥ Jx ♦ Qxxx ♣ Qxxx) that would properly pass a one-heart opening.

6 3 NT 10 ♠ 7 4 ♥ 1 (2 ♠ 10)

With the lead coming up to this hand the surest game is at three no trump, despite the six-card major. If partner happens to hold a Yarborough and answers a forcing two-heart bid with two no trump, there is some danger that, with the lead coming through you, eight tricks may be the limit of the hand. The award for two clubs—if you use that as a forcing bid with a two-diamond bust response—is conditional, take only seven points if you did not honestly intend to rebid three no trump following a two-diamond response. The award for four hearts goes to commemorate the time my partner passed me out in a forcing two-bid; I don't really expect anyone to earn or deserve it.

7 3 ♠ 10 2 ♠ 6 3 ♣ 2

When partner bids one no trump, you are entitled to assume a fit for at least one of your two suits and so you can give full value to your singleton, as if yours were the supporting hand. This valuation brings the combined hands close to the slam range—33 points—even if partner holds a minimum. You intend to show your four-card spade suit

next, so there is no need for an initial two-club response, which will make it difficult to describe your strength and distribution later. As for three spades, at least it is better than some other bids I can think of.

8 2 ♠ 10 2 ♠ 3 2 ♥ 2 ♠ 1

Normally you need at least seven to eight points to make a conventional two-club response to partner's no trump. However, this hand is an exception; worthless to partner at no trump, it will produce a few tricks at a suit contract. Partner is, of course, required to show a four-card major if he has one; otherwise, he must bid two diamonds. You will naturally pass any response partner makes and at worst he will play a combined seven-card diamond fit (if he happens to hold 3-3-2-5 distribution), which nevertheless should prove more profitable than a contract of one no trump.

9 2 ♠ 10 4 ♣ 2 pass 1

When partner's one-no-trump opening has been overcalled all nonjump responses are merely competitive and are not forcing, just as they would be if the intervening player had passed. Thus two spades here is simply an attempt to buy the contract at that specific denomination. The award for four spades is in honor of Christmas miracles and to emphasize that just about anything is better than a pass.

10 3 ♥ 10 3 ♣ 7 4 ♠ 6 3 NT 2

Partner has at least 10 and possibly 11 or 12 cards in the minor suits and a good hand. (With a minimum he would have passed two diamonds.) However, it is not yet clear whether your values in hearts are going to be useful to him. Having already given him a preference, and by implication denied a good five-card or longer heart suit, you now try to pinpoint your strength. If partner is void in spades, you might make four hearts on a 4-3 fit. The most important point is that you don't have the spade strength to justify a no-trump bid.

11 3 NT 10 3 ♣ 4

You are not overjoyed at bidding no trump with a singleton club, but you must try to indicate your diamond strength before the bidding gets out of hand. If partner's next offering is four clubs, you will rebid your five-card spade suit then, anemic though it is.

continued

As long as you're wearing our shirts, our shorts, our socks and our ties, can we show you some nice striped slacks and blazers, too?

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Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster

GOREN'S QUIZ

12 ♠ 10 ♥ ♠ 2 NT 5 ♣ 4 1 8 ♣ 1

In spite of the lack of a spade fit you still could have a game either at no trump or at one of the minor suits that partner might have been planning to rebid had you not prevented him from showing it economically on the two level. You might also make a game at hearts if partner has A x Q x or x x x. Three no trump is far too aggressive, two no trump is nondescriptive and three diamonds unilaterally shuts out the possibility of finding a fit in clubs on the three level.

13 2 NT 10 3 ♠ 7 4 ♠ 5 pass 2

Although you have only 15 high-card points and your partner cannot hold more than 10, there are still many hands where—if partner has a maximum raise—you can produce game. Since the same tricks available at spades may come home at no trump, it is best to make a game try by indicating your all-round strength. Four spades is better than a pass, but three spades gets a higher mark because whenever partner's raise is maximum, he will continue to game either at the suit or at no trump.

14 4 ♠ 10 3 NT 6 4 ♠ 1

Partner has invited game and, with more than a minimum and a fit for his clubs, you should accept. Bidding the game in no trump would be a mistake, for partner is certain to have a weak holding in at least one of the red suits, and the chances are you will not be able to run nine tricks immediately. Four clubs can get you to four spades but may tip off the opponents to the best defense.

15 4 ♠ 10 4 NT 8 3 NT 6 4 ♠

In view of partner's strength-showing jump raise you have far too good a hand to be satisfied with a conservative bid of three no trump. The information that you have the biler for his club suit, plus a good hand, may be all that partner needs to proceed toward slam. Three no trump gets a higher award than four spades because there is a good chance that partner will bid again and give you another opportunity to move in the slam direction. If our no trump, the Blackwood inquiry about aces, should get you to slam if partner has the three aces you are missing. However, even then you can't be sure you want to be in slam opposite three aces, or out of slam opposite only two.

END

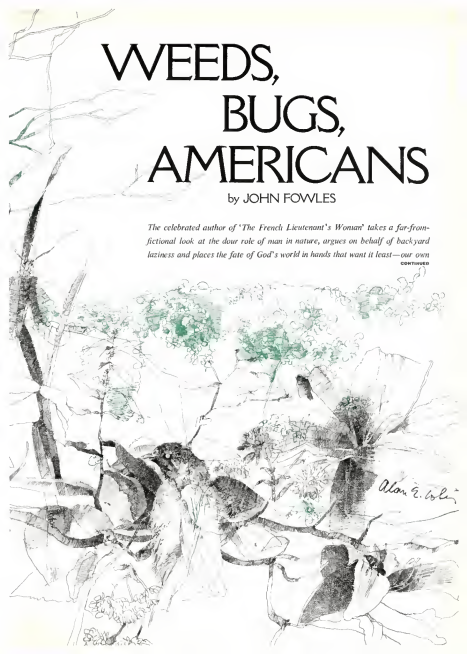
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WEEDS, BUGS, AMERICANS

by JOHN FOWLES

The celebrated author of 'The French Lieutenant's Woman' takes a far-from-fictional look at the dour role of man in nature, argues on behalf of backyard laziness and places the fate of God's world in hands that want it least—our own

CONTINUED

Alan G. Cohen



One thing I like about Zen philosophy is its mean attitude to words. It doesn't trust them. As soon as we have a thing named, says Zen, we start forgetting about its real nature. So labels, especially labels for very common human problems, tend to become convenient excuses for letting the problems take care of themselves. The particular stinking corpse buried beneath a word that I have in mind here is conservation.

No public figure today would dare state that he thinks humanity can support the continued cost of pollution and dying nature. Never mind what the public figure may do in private practice, he won't deny the most fashionable solicitude of our time. We all agree we need conservation. It is national policy, state policy, local policy, everybody's policy. And with all that interest and public concern it's very clear that you and I don't have to do a thing about it—except pay lip service to the general principle. Very much the same self-excusing process has

overtaken charity. A hundred years ago charity was still mainly a private matter. Now it has become a function—and very often a cautious diplomatic calculation—of elected government. The actual experience of direct charity, the reality of giving to a stranger in need, has been lost. The charitably inclined private citizen finds himself faced with just one more of those countless pressing invitations to do nothing that our century has been so fertile in devising.

There is a story about Samuel Rogers, the British poet who was a contemporary of Byron and Shelley. At one of his literary dinners a group of friends were holding forth on the iniquities of slavery. For hours they poured out their fine liberal sentiments. Then one of them turned to their silent host.

"And what's your opinion of all this, Rogers? I am sure you are as deeply sorry as we for the persecuted blacks."

Rogers thought a few moments. Then he reached in his pocket, placed a banknote on the table in front of him, and came out with one of the most curiously effective closures on action-delaying filibuster ever recorded.

"I'm five pounds sorry," he said.

My belief is that it is high time each one of us started deciding how sorry he or she is—in terms of Rogers' bluff-calling interpretation of the word—over the contemporary rape of nature. In this case, however, the currency of sorrow needs to be expressed much more in action and changed attitude than in money. And the thing that ought to make us all feel "rich" enough to pay is the very simple fact that in most places nature is going to be saved not by official bodies but by the community at large. If we don't help, if the whole social climate isn't one of active participation, right down to the personal and household level, then all ordinary wildlife is doomed. The plastic garden, the steel city, the chemical countryside will take over. The government-run parks and national reserves may still survive; but *nature in*

ordinary life is in the hands of people in ordinary life.

I still live in a country (England) that has managed to maintain a comparatively healthy relationship with this ordinary nature as distinct from special-preserve nature. And though I certainly don't intend to make a black and white contrast between a holier-than-thou Britain and an unholy-than-I America, I suspect one major difference between the two cultures is in the average person's attitude to the familiar nature around him. In terms of a bad relationship, being sorry means being aware of being wrong. It is an unawareness of being personally wrong (shown both in the negative tendency to blame everything on corporate greed and in certain wrong emphases in current conservation work) that seems to me the weak spot in the United States. This fundamental, personal and private relationship to ordinary nature is primarily what I want to discuss here, and in two or three rather different areas. I hope also to suggest one place, very close to home, where something can be done about the problem.

But first of all, I must make one or two painful historical observations.

Why can Britain show a good deal more common wildlife in its cities, towns, suburbs and surrounding countryside than the United States? A great deal of our happier situation is certainly due to completely fortuitous circumstances and not at all to a greater conservation conscience in the British.

American farmers are much more efficient. They change landscapes to suit their machinery. They use more poison. The British farmer has a traditional tolerance toward nature: nine out of 10





are still happy to sacrifice some good farming to some good sport, to provide cover and terrain for game birds, deer, foxes and the rest, and thus cover and terrain for many other species. In any case we have much smaller field systems and they are mostly divided by that best of all natural preserves for small wildlife, the thick hedge. We have also fiercely protected our "common" land, which is traditionally unfarmed and allowed to grow wild. The great landowners of the past have left us an ecologically rich legacy of scattered woodland, and an equally rich legacy of parkland inside town limits. Even without this parkland most British towns have grown so slowly from their medieval origins that they are often much greener and more haphazard than their comparatively instant American counterparts. Nature has never been completely crowded out. In towns and suburbs, too, there are differences in gardening practice (of which more in a moment) that favor our wildlife. But even when all allowance is made for British "luck" in the comparison, there is in my opinion a failing—though much more a passive, historically conditioned failing than an active, conscious one—on the American side.

I was reading recently one of the very first accounts of life in America—Governor Bradford's *Of Plymouth Plantation*, the story of the Pilgrim Fathers' grim early years in Massachusetts. The seeds of the attitude many British nature-lovers still sense in ordinary American life can be seen planted in his narrative. I can best describe it as a resentful hostility to the overwhelming power of the wild land; in Bradford, natural America seems a far worse enemy than the Indians or the machinations and failings of his neighboring colonists. Of course it would be ridiculous to speak of hostility to natural America in the modern United States, but there lingers a kind of generalized suspicion about it—or a cold indifference, as if it may have been officially for-

given the sweat and tears it exacted from the settlers and pioneers, but can't expect to be trusted, let alone loved, for a long time yet—an attitude rather similar to that of many elder fellow countrymen of mine toward the Germans.

To this very old resentment degenerated into indifference must be added later historical factors. Many 19th century European immigrants (such as the Irish and the Italians) came with a bitter Old World experience of depressed and exploiting agricultural economies. One resolve many of them brought with their bags and bundles was a determination never to see farmland again. In sociologists' jargon, the descendants of such immigrants have developed through the years highly urbanized life-styles. Then there is the case of the intellectually dominant subculture of today's America: the Jewish. The one failing that superbly gifted race has (a failing for which they are not to be blamed, since it springs from centuries of being herded into ghettos) is their blindness toward nature. In classical Yiddish, for example, there are very few words for flowers or for wild birds. The great writer Isaac Babel was well aware of this deficiency, which is, sadly, more than I can say for many Jewish friends of my own.

Finally, there is the intensely profit-centered aspect of the American spirit, also to be traced back to the Plymouth Colony days: the drive to maximize the financial utility of any undertaking or resource. You can't set out to rob nature of every cent it has and then still expect it to look flourishing. I admit freely that earlier Americans can be largely excused for their mistaken belief to the contrary. As every historian has pointed out, they were brought up with a sense of endless new territory to be exploited. What did it matter if you ruined the few miles around you when so much still lay virgin? Even today it comes as a shock, so used have we foreigners become to thinking of the United States as one huge pol-

luted conurbation, to see how much wild America still lies between New York and Los Angeles. Every time I fly that route, I find it harder to blame past Americans for their exploiting sins. And it isn't only the size: the image played its part. Naturally the promised land most attracted the poor. Throughout the world the poor have very understandably always been more concerned about making money than protecting the environment. In the past, protectionist action invariably came from a class of society that never went in much for emigration: the well-educated and the well-circumstanced. Safely and comfortably back in Old Europe, they could afford such amenities and fine feelings. The emigrant poor couldn't. But the very obvious irony of our own time is that this characteristic and forgivable poor man's view of nature is still so prevalent in the world's richest nation.

I am not belittling the energy and resources being presently devoted to conservation in the States, but for all that, I suspect that in some ways the approach is still influenced by the old conditioning. Like a certain kind of once unscrupulous millionaire now turned public benefactor, the new official protectionists are overanxious to show off their change of heart, and the problem is being tackled too much in the surely now disproven fashion first tried out on the Indians: that is, in terms of special reservations and salvation showpieces, and not enough in terms of a general reintegration of common nature in ordinary life.

The very word common has a vaguely un-American ring about it. It is the big things, the outstanding things, that call to the virile American heart and pocket. And perhaps this (in many other ways, admirable) national habit of thinking big helps explain why so many urban and suburban environments seem to have been written off by the professional conservationists as hopeless. But these are the environments where

concord



most people now live, and where the reintegration is most urgently needed if there is to be any essential ground change in the public attitude. What I believe is required is very simple to say, a will to foster the wildlife, however insignificant and humble, in the citizen's own backyard and neighborhood—and not to foster the illusion that nature is some large and spectacular rare bird or beast seen on a TV film or glimpsed in a remote national park during a summer vacation.

Where the British score well is at this level. They tolerate the everyday nature round them, because they want it there. They may not be interested in it, but they see it is right that nature should survive and be allowed the conditions to survive. This is something barely conscious; it just seems to us—and with the full implications of that word—natural.

Another wrong (or at least suspect) emphasis in active conservation is that of improving human environmental factors, such as atmosphere and water. Very clearly, success there will help other forms of life besides man, and it is not the end result I am questioning but the ruthlessly pragmatic way in which conservation is sometimes presented as a unique need of social man, rather than as a shared need of both man and nature. This can turn the saving of nature into a kind of neutral byproduct of the human concern. I think such an absurdity happens because conservation, though not a uniquely human need, is a uniquely human responsibility, and the response of man toward such responsibility has always been *What's in it for me?*

Let me clarify with a simple analogy. I regard what are sometimes called the lower forms of nature as children, and I think we human adults of evolution have precisely the same responsibility toward them as parents toward their own human children. What I dislike in the approach that sells conservation predominantly as a road to the human Pleasant City is that it tends to orphan nature. The protection of the wildlife of the environment becomes like the protection of parentless children: something

for specialized agencies and institutions to take care of, not something to concern you or me.

But enough of negative historical deductions. Let's look a little more closely at that fundamental conservation cell: the backyard garden.



I sometimes meet self-styled nature-lovers who say they feed the birds in their garden, they even put up nesting boxes, for God's sake, what more can they do? Then I see their gardens—beautiful gardens, not a weed or a pest in sight among the immaculate lawns and flowers. But what I really see is what isn't there, the total absence of any plant native to the area; the poverty of thick cover (not all birds nest and roost in holes); the ubiquitous evidence of a constant use of insecticides.

What does natural life need? Firstly, it needs privacy, even in the smallest backyard: like humanity, it wants somewhere it can sometimes go and not be seen. Many modern gardens are like glass houses without internal walls, with every function in full view. Secondly, since nature is a self-victimizing process, it needs a supply of victims. You can't mis-sacre all the small nameless insect life of an area and then complain about the lack of butterflies. Plainly these needs call for a change in our whole concept of gardening and gardens. Again, I feel the British are a little ahead of the Americans in this respect—and again for mainly fortuitous, historical reasons.

Apart from anything else, the cultural pressures toward the synthetic garden are much stronger in the United States. There is the high priority put on anything that saves time. Insecticides and weed killers save time. There is the high priority put on good functioning, on neatness and efficiency. Lawns are neat. There is in many suburban areas—and this certainly applies equally to Britain—the high priority put on conforming, on

having the same plants, the same layout, though just a little bit better than your neighbors', of course. In America, freedom from crabgrass becomes a test of social acceptability, the man with the best roses walks six inches taller.

In the history of the gardening art the *probit undula* has always stood for a profuse disorder. Some American visitors here suppose that the highly formal gardens of some of our Elizabethan and 17th century houses represent the true old English garden. Nothing could be further from the truth, for all these are style-conscious aristocratic copies of Italian and French models. The real English garden has always been first cousin to an English hedge and an English meadow. It has always worked with nature, just as the artificial French and Italian styles have worked against (or in spite of) it. And this working with nature is exactly what the ecologically good garden—one honorably shared between the legal human and equally legal natural owners of the place demands. When a bird or insect flies into town what it looks for from up there is a varied menu and an interesting décor, not one more neon-lit hamburger joint like 50,000 others.

So what should one do?

Obviously the first thing to ban from the gardening shelf is all insecticide, which has been at the start of the nastiest exterminatory chain-reaction in this century. Running it very close is the weed killer. All "scientific" statements as to this or that product's comparative harmlessness can be treated as so much bald-faced lying, since they all aim to upset natural balance. The next thing to curtail is the area given up to lawn. Well-kept grass gives a very poor ecological return. Much better is good evergreen cover, especially if it yields in addition nectar-rich flowers and edible fruit or berries. Such cover not only encourages birds but provides an important insect habitat. Another important consideration is the kind of ornamental flower and shrub that is grown. Some of the original species of mints, buddleas, wies, daisies and the rest may not look as glam-

continued



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continued

orous as their modern "selected" forms, but there is no doubt which the insects find more nutritious.

If you wonder why I keep harping on about insects, the answer is very simple. Before I give it, though, I want to look at another example of the way words can become dangerously obscuring labels. Most insects do fall into that slightly un-American category of mean little indistinguishable things; and just as racists think all members of the hated race look the same, I am afraid that many Americans bury a major part of the insect universe under the label "bug." There is the symptomatic contemptuous usage "stop bugging me," and all the electronic-mechanical extensions: space bugs, bugged rooms, bugging devices. Under this label all insects tend to become a kind of natural equivalent of the political Reds. Whatever they're up to, it's subversive. Last spring in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* I read of the golfer Frank Beard having combat with this dastardly infiltrator of the American way of life. He wrote: "I had a 30-footer for a birdie, and as I got set to putt a bug lit on my ball. I backed off, shoed it away, lined everything up again, drew my putter back and moved it forward. An instant before impact, the bug flew back on the ball and startled the hell out of me. I left the putt six feet short."

It was with some relief that I read on to find that he didn't actually ask the tournament organizers to call in the spray planes and delouse the whole course at once.

In the circumstances Mr. Beard can be forgiven for feeling about bugs the way the Israelis feel about moscs: it would be a better game without the damned things. But I quote this passage because what is strange about it to a British reader is this word "bug." We wonder what he really means: a beetle, a fly, a bee, a wasp? It is not only that "bug" in British English is confined to small beetles and their larvae, it is the baffling imprecision and the to us incomprehensible assumption that some forms of life are below the dignity of any American with decently normal

drives (both golfing and general) to name.

I have confirmation of this national insect phobia with every American guest I have here in England, as he or she shakes the head over our refusal to install screen doors in our houses. Just when, I can see them asking themselves, will these unhygienic British learn the sanitary facts of life? Well, it may be that more disease-carrying insects are flying about in the United States than with us. But it seems more likely that we make a clearer distinction between the harmless garden and countryside insects that do often fly into the house and those that are a real danger to us. One aid to that distinction is our lack of that blanket word "bug."

And why not bomb the bugs? Because the insect is directly or indirectly the chief food source of countless higher forms of life. If you mercilessly destroy your bugs, you build your conservation house without foundation or a ground floor. You can rate your garden conservationally by checking on the abundance of insect life in it. In this context, if it's clean, it's dirty.

There is really no clearer ethical decision to make in our time: ban the insecticide from your own backyard and get your neighbors to do the same with theirs. But very clearly the process cannot stop there. The vital complement of the conservation garden is some form of local nature reserve. Though I don't doubt the honest intentions of the good people who run many of those I have visited, they seem often to be founded on something of a wrong principle. In fact such local reserves should be known, and their use determined, by a now old-fashioned name for them: *nature sanctuaries*. It is absolutely essential to keep near towns and cities some such unpolluted and wild area open to nature and closed to man; and I'm afraid that being closed to man is not compatible with picnic areas, walk-through paths and similar features installed in the attempt to compromise between social and civic amenity and the true purpose of a wildlife reserve.

But even the conservation garden and its accompanying out-of-town reservoir of wildlife is of little use if all the surrounding farmed country is regularly drenched with insecticide. And here I come to the crux of it. What is urgently needed is rethinking on where conservation is most useful. Instead of thinking of the uninhabited far-off as the ideal area, we ought to reverse the process. Uncontrolled spraying is in any case safest—for humans as well as nature—the farthest possible distance from town; and the town and its wide green belt ought to become the priority conservation zone. This situation has already arisen accidentally in many British towns. Quite a number of once rural species have now taken happily to suburban life in protest against the pollution of their former habitats.

If hedges, small woods and other (from the profit-oriented farmer's point of view) waste areas are to be reinstated in the landscape, it ought to be in just such conservation belts around towns and cities. If the farmers won't listen, then public authorities ought to be made to. Contrary to popular belief, many birds are extremely tolerant of traffic noise. I have even seen them among the scrub on the Los Angeles freeway banks and verges, only a few yards from the steel stream. But one warning: an ecologist must determine the character of the planting. Town-owned free space should be gardened for local nature, not for civic pride and a showy flower display.

I wish there were a way I could lend my own garden here in England instead of trying to say it all in words. I've attempted to practice what I preach. I won't use insecticides out-of-doors. I keep weed killers to the barest minimum. And yes, it is far from being a gardener's dream. About half of it is given over to natural scrub and cover; whatever seeds there happen to be are allowed to grow—thistle, dock, fireweed—no matter how high on the blacklist they figure. It is a town garden, and not very large by American standards. It harbors five or six breeding mammals, a dozen or so species of nesting birds with many

continued

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The color tv industry has you totally confused by too much of a good thing.

And since our company, Sylvania, is part of the industry, the least we can do is try to give you a clearer picture.

To do that, we'll explain just what to look for in the four most important tv areas. The picture tube. The tuner. The chassis. And the price tag.

ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND NAMES.

The color tv industry uses a lot of complicated names for its picture tubes.

But basically, in big-screen color sets there are only two kinds.

One gives you a nice, bright picture made up of color dots. (Sylvania has this in most of its lower-priced sets.)

The other gives you an even nicer, brighter picture made up of color dots that are each surrounded by a black field. (Sylvania has this in 28 of its big-screen sets.)

Naturally, you'll want the brightest picture your eyes and your budget can agree on. And the only way to find it is to go looking from set to set.

But brightness alone is not enough. It'll put more light in light colors. But it'll also put more light in dark colors. So there's less color separation. This can make your tv picture look faded.

The trick is that with brightness, you need contrast. So light colors stay light. And dark colors stay dark.

It's the right combination of brightness and contrast that gives you a sharp picture.

And guess who gives you the sharpest big-screen picture you can buy?

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TWIST, TURN, PUSH.

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You'll find manual fine-tuning on the lower-priced color sets.

But A.F.C. (Automatic Frequency Control) is more in keeping with the Push-Button Age. (Sylvania and most other companies have it on their better sets.) You twist a dial to the right channel. Then you push the A.F.C. button and your picture is fine-tuned for you automatically. Probably better than you could

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THE FRINGE ELEMENT.

But no matter how good it is, a tuner alone won't help you in a fringe area. (And a fringe area doesn't just mean miles from civilization. It can mean right next to a tall building.)

What will help is something called an I.F. (Intermediate Frequency) stage. It amplifies a weak or obstructed signal so it can appear as a picture on your set.

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Every Sylvania color set will give you at least that many. Some even have 4. Ask the salesman to come up with the I.F. figures for every set he shows you. He'll look at you in a whole new light.

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But not all companies make solid state color sets. (Sylvania is one that certainly does. They have 10 models that are 100% solid state. And all their other big-screen color sets are at least 75% solid state.) So make sure you ask the salesman just how solid state each set is.

And while you're at it, ask whether the transistors are the plug-in type (like Sylvania's) that are as easy to service as a tube. At this point the salesman may even offer you a job.

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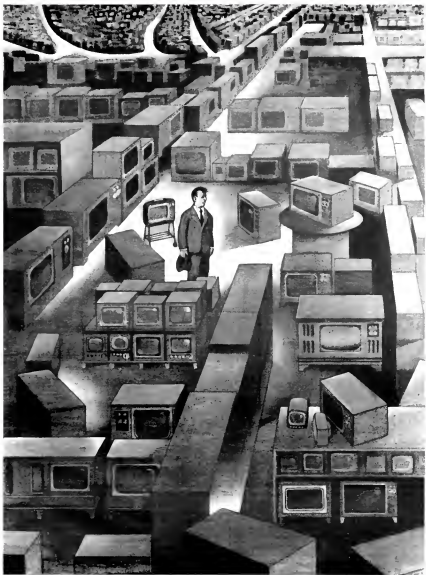
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more as visitors, a good variety of butterflies and moths and a generally luxurious insect life. A lot of hard work is saved, since I let nature look after its own part. All I have had to do is learn to bear the shocked expressions of the more orthodox gardeners who come round it. I can only report that this social shame is increasingly easy to bear once you have made up your mind to it. You soon realize such people are half blind. They simply don't comprehend the rewards, the richness, the sense of a harmonious creation that such disorder and laziness bring into daily life.

Nothing can annul the price that nature has on your property, the title it possesses long before you become the owner, long before you were, even. And there is no argument possible as to where conservation starts. It starts right there, outside your window. That is, it starts if you start, and from the moment you stop merely saying the word conservation in order to avoid its reality. It's no good believing in conservation, agreeing with conservation, talking about conservation. It's one of those words that gives you only two choices. You either do or you damn.



Now let's consider the man with a gun in his hand: the hunter, the prototype of all nature exploiters. Since my views are not going to make me popular, I'd better explain that I'm not, like so many reformers, quite trying to ban the whorehouse. I've always envied the other men but never had the guts to enter myself. I spent a great deal of my youth duck hunting and I can remember very well what it's like some winter dusk when you hear the first swift sough of oncoming wings and see the hit black shape plummet down to splash in the reeds behind you. No other game or sport I've tried has ever given me quite that kick—or made the time wasted on it so endurable.

I was taught to hunt by a man named Brealey, one of the old school. I was not allowed to shoot at a bird until I had proved myself to his satisfaction on the cans and bottles he threw up as a test—and I didn't do that in a day. I was not allowed to shoot at any but legitimate and edible game. I was not allowed to shoot at that unless I could reasonably expect to kill it at the range. I can still recall his code: not above 30 yards with number six shot, above 40 with number four, above 50 with number two. You never, but never, gave up the search for a wounded bird. If you had stopped you, you went again the next morning. Only harharians used automatic shotguns: if you couldn't bring your duck down in two shots (another major crime was "browning" firing blindly into a pack) that was your fault. You had had your sporting chance. At the time I got jerked by all this puntello. Nowadays, when I occasionally see what we call in this country "town shots" (city people who blave away at anything that moves) I make silent penance to old Brealey. Like most such men, he was a good field naturalist and a sincere nature-lover as well as being a crisply accurate picker of widgeon and mallard out of a dark sky. He's long dead now, but I think the world hunting community badly lacks men like him as its arbiters.

On one of his "laws" I can't expect to convince Americans—and especially not the gun lobby. Nonetheless I believe the repeating shotgun ought to be banned. Later in life I did use one for a time and it seemed to me not only to make me shoot worse and to wound more than I killed but to take a very essential element out of sport—the sport itself. The thrill of hunting for pleasure is surely killing for pleasure, not just killing at any cost. A two-shot gamble ought to be enough; it's already one more than the golfer has. I have my doubts, in fact, about all the new aids to bigger bags and heavier baskets that the hunting and fishing industries have connected. All great games depend very strictly on certain agreed limitations and restrictions. The skill lies in beating the system inside the rules. And it is time we

started laying down rules on the kind of equipment and behavior hunters and fishermen can and can't be allowed. Both activities are almost purely sports now, and they need to be regulated as sports are.

Another growing necessity is the hunting test. It seems bad enough that a man can buy a gun across the counter without question, but just as bad that he can go straight out and immediately start firing it at any wildlife that crosses his path. I would make a certain standard of marksmanship obligatory before a hunting license was issued; I would ban names from hunting, for reasons you will guess in a minute. I would also like to see a compulsory course in animal and bird recognition and in general hunting ethics. This is all still a good deal less than what we require of sailors, airline pilots, policemen and other people who hold life and death in their hands.

I gave up hunting myself on the same grounds as many other men: one day I found I couldn't live with the enjoyment I got one moment from seeing birds and animals in the wild and the enjoyment I got the next by killing them. It got harder and harder to pull the trigger. Because you don't just shoot a deer one evening; you also shoot a piece out of every other human being who might have seen and enjoyed the sight of it and its progeny, had it lived. As a kid I shot out of sheer mischief (and well away from my mentor, needless to say) several ravens, even then a rarity in this part of England. Now they are virtually extinct here. I haven't heard that unmistakable deep snoring caw drifting down out of a high blue sky for years. I have to drive to Wales, a hundred miles away, to be sure of hearing it again. What that schoolboy in me helped kill forever—or at any rate, for his lifetime—was one of the last noble and peaceful sounds in his own sky.

Another argument I have very little time for is the one that maintains that hunting helps conservation. Of course, the game the hunter wants to shoot is usually well looked after in terms of

continued



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continued

bug limitation, closed season and protection of habitat. But everything else suffers, and especially any other wild animal or bird of prey in competition with rifle or shotgun. One of the tragedies of the British conservation story (which, I hasten to add, has many more black spots than you may have gathered from my earlier comparisons) is the abrupt disappearance of many of our once familiar birds of prey over the last 25 years. Insecticides have taken their toll, but a chief enemy remains the professional gamekeeper. Though I loathe their methods—many still use the illegal pole trap and equally illegal poisoned bait—I can't really blame them. They are paid to produce game birds for fall shooting and a full gibbet—the wooden rack on which they hang their "vermin"—proves they have earned their money. It is their bosses who are to blame.

In all so-called conservation for hunting there is a wide streak of tyrannical—almost puritanical—selfishness. No non-hunter would class the sight of a few fat pheasant pecking round a cornfield as more beautiful than a peregrine stooping or a sparrow hawk slashing and tilting its lethal way down a forest clearing. But no neutral person has a say in the matter, the hunting industry decides for us. All this may seem a fairly harmless interference with nature and natural solitude compared with the murderous outpourings of real industry or the scorched-earth techniques of scientific agriculture. But the attitude is wrong. It perpetuates, far beyond and outside the psychology of those who do actually hunt, a wrong role of man. It treats nature not as the unfairly threatened and persecuted domain of life it has now become, but as something that is fairly preyed on. It makes killing decent, and killing is never decent. It may be necessary, but not decent. And in America above all it must strengthen the old prejudice—or carelessness—about nature: nature as something hostile, to be hunted down, ultimately down to zero, and driven away from all human settlement. To be used, in a word, at the very time when nature is so clearly asking to be saved for those who come after us.

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**Men
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continued

There are two questions you ought to ask yourself if you do go after nature with a gun. One is this: *Why do I enjoy killing?* The second, and more important, is: *What have I just killed?*

The answer to that second question, let me warn you, can never be just a number and a name. In fact there is only one honest answer in this year of 1970, and only one honest action a hunter can take once he has answered.

If any group seems innocent in the rapé of nature, it is that great and amorphous body of amateur natural historians, bird watchers, plant hunters, photographers—nature fans in general. The worst variety of this group, the collector, is happily today a rare specimen himself. One can safely assume that anyone who still collects (*i.e.*, kills) some field of living life just for pleasure and vanity has all the makings of a concentration-camp commandant. Egg collecting, butterfly hunting, taxidermy and all that infamous brood of narcissistic and parasitical hobbies have become so obviously evil that I won't waste time condemning them.

There is, however, a subtler sin for the amateur naturalist that will lead me conveniently to the core of what I want to say about our present defective attitude to nature. I call it identification mania. It is nicely typified by that absurd new game played by some ornithologists: the species-count competition in which on some appointed day bird watchers drive frantically from one locality to the next to see who can accumulate the longest list. And this brings us back very close to the general human fault I started this essay with: our perverse delight in naming things and then forgetting them. If the species count was just the freakish idiocy of a clambraided ornithological minority, it wouldn't matter. But unfortunately the philosophy behind it contaminates a

great deal of our thinking, and our education, about nature.

To a professional scientist correct identification is a basic tool of the trade. But for the non-specialist it seems to me of very secondary importance. Seeing and enjoying nature is infinitely more important than knowing how to name and analyze it. Any trained biologist will tell you that identification expertise has about as much relation to serious biology as knowing national flags has to do with being an authority on international affairs. I put the blame for this narrow and superficial identification approach to nature squarely on the shoulders of the amateur naturalist. Nothing puts the beginner off the whole subject faster than the name-dropping conceit of this kind of expert. The tyro thinks nature must be some kind of academic memory test, a quiz show with no prizes, and quite reasonably takes up something that puts less of a premium on "experience" and know-how (or more accurately, know-what).

Almost all nature education based on the know-what approach is bad, for what goes with it is the notion that everyone ought to get an identification interest in natural history. Of course, if we did all become keen naturalists that would solve all our problems. But if anything is certain about the real situation, it is that many people are never going to be very interested in nature either as science or as a hobby for showing off a cleverness with names. Indeed, as they have less and less contact with nature in our overpopulated world, they are very probably going to be less and less interested in it. What has to be done is to get this vast and growing army of the indifferent to see nature as a daily pleasure of the civilized life. It doesn't have to be named, or studied, or hunted, it just has to be there. And they have to be taught to miss it if it isn't there, the way they would miss electricity or the water supply if that were cut off.

The kind of seeing that this requires is much more esthetic and imaginative than scientific. So for a start I should like to see the scientific element in our school-

teaching about nature severely reduced and its place taken by study of the attitudes and vision of the many great painters, poets and writers who have treated the subject. They are who we need most to copy and to learn from, not the scientists. You can always tell the man who wants to experience nature from the one playing at scientist. The former will have granted equality to the whole scene, both in terms of the various families of natural life and in terms of the statistical commonness and rarity of what he is seeing. He won't, in short, be blind to all but his own field. He will know that he has to observe with both the eye of the flea and the eye of the elephant, as the Indian proverb goes. We all see too much with a human eye and to a human scale. He will see the moth's uncurled proboscis and the ancient glacier bed, the smallest and the largest; and all in one glance. He will see forms, colors, structures, see personal, artistic and literary allusions, see whole potteries where the pseudo-scientist sees only names and matter for notes.

One of the curses of our time is that this poetic approach has come to be ridiculed as something rather romantic. It is true that without any scientific check, such an attitude can lead into the turgid bayous of nature-corner sentiment or to the equally nauseating anthropomorphic scripts of the Disney nature films and the kind of commentary one hears at Marineland. If such cheap sentimentality were the only alternative to the scientific approach to nature, I should be all for science. But there is no more need to see nature *either* sentimentally or scientifically than there is to see paintings, or listen to music, or enjoy a game or a sport in one of those two fixed manners.

And here, perhaps, there is a stumbling block particular to the American mind, with its unborn pragmatism, its demand for some immediate utility in both the object and its pursuit, and its corollary assumption that the more facts you know about a thing the more there is likely to be in it for you. Europeans enjoy appearances. Americans enjoy things better if they know how they "work"—and of course knowing that

continued



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involves knowing names. This obsession with labeling and functioning, and the corresponding impatience with the quieter pleasure of mere experiencing, is an aspect of what an American friend of mine once described to me as the single deepest fault of the national culture. He called it a lack of poetry, and then amplified the phrase by saying, "We try and turn everything into machinery." Over the years I have come to see this criticism as a clue to a great deal of what is unhappy in American society.

This is not the place to discuss whether my friend is right in general. But I would choose "unpoetic" as probably the best word to describe the prevailing attitude to natural life in the United States, just as "poetic" best describes the great exceptions to that generalization, the Audubons and the Thoreaus. Poetry, alas, is something you can't sell. All you can do is suggest that it is out there, if people will only find the time and the right frame of mind and discover for themselves that enjoyment does not require scientific knowledge.

Myself, I regard nature very largely as therapy. It is where I go to get away from words, from people, from artificial things. It is affection and friendship, too; the recurrence, the return in the cycle of the year of certain flowers, beasts, birds and insects I am fond of. It is sounds. It is curlew on a winter's evening, as I lie in bed. It is the sparrows that chirp on my roof each morning. Above all it is the familiar natural life that lives and breeds round my house—the kind of life any rarity-hunting naturalist would not even notice, it is so ordinary. But I have trained myself, partly through reading about Zen, partly through thinking on the texts of such men as Thoreau, not to take anything in my thousand-times-walked-around garden as familiar. I'm not in the least a religious person, but I suppose the process is something like prayer. You have to work at it. I once told a Benedictine monk that prayer was incomprehensible to me. "Yes," he said, "it was to me once. It becomes comprehensible only through endless repetition."

continued

Nonforfeiture is when neither team shows up for a ballgame. Right?



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This, I am convinced, is what practical conservation needs behind it, or beneath it, if it is to work: a constantly repeated awareness of the mysterious other universe of nature in every civilized community. A love, or at least a toleration, of this other universe must reenter the urban experience, must be accepted as the key gauge of a society's humanity, and we must be sure that the re-entry and the acceptance is a matter of personal, not public, responsibility. So much of our communal guilty conscience is taken up by the cruelty of man to man that the crime we are inflicting on nature is forgotten. Fortunately there seem to be many signs in the United States that this "lesser" crime against natural life at last is being recognized for what it is—not the lesser crime at all, but the real source of many things we cite as the major mistakes of recent history. You may think there is very little connection between spraying insecticide over your flower-beds because everyone else in your street does the same and spraying napalm over a Vietnamese village because that's the way war is. But many more things than we know start in our own backyards. Social aggression starts there; and so does social tolerance.

Nature is an inalienable part of human nature. We can never blaspheme against it alone. Exterminate, and you shall be exterminated. Don't care, and one day, perhaps too late, you or your children will be made to care bitterly. Evolution holds no special brief, no elect place for man. Its only favorite is the species that keeps the options open. The nightmare of our century is that so many of man's options are closing on him. A main reason for this is that the individual increasingly lets society and its label-words usurp his own role and responsibility. We all know that we have to get things right between ourselves and the other forms of life on this crowded planet. What we don't, or won't, know is that the getting right cannot be left to government, to the people who are paid to care. I make no apology for saying it again. Conservation can never be someone else's caring. It is you caring. Now.

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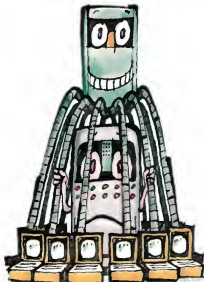
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Elementary, My Dear Hans

The creator of Sherlock Holmes, fleeing the detective he created, prettily taught the Swiss how to ski by ALBERT ORBAAN

In the 1890s few people in the Swiss Alps had ever heard of the sport they called "skiing" far to the north in Scandinavia. It was not surprising then that the arrival of three men on—or, rather, just off—long Norwegian runners caused something of a sensation among the tourists and natives in the small Swiss mountain village of Arosa late one morning in 1894.

Two of the men, Tobias and Fritz Branger, were themselves Swiss—the proprietors of a sporting-goods shop in Davos, a village on the far side of the Furka Pass. The other was a 34-year-old Briton, a physician and part-time short-story writer who had recently triggered a campaign of hater vilification against himself throughout the English-speaking world by deliberately killing off one of the best-loved characters ever created in English fiction: Sherlock Holmes. The traveler to Arosa had killed Holmes simply because he was sick and tired of him, but his readers were not. And that, possibly, is why his friend Tobias Branger identified Dr. Doyle in the local hotel register not as physician or as author but as D. Conan Doyle, *Sportsman* (sic).

It was an accurate description. Glad to be free of Holmes and his hurling sidekick, Watson, and sure that the clean mountain air was having a restorative effect on the tubercular lungs of his beloved wife Louise, Dr. Doyle, a rugged 6-footer, was having a fine time in Switzerland exploring the possibilities of a relatively unknown sport. Neither he nor his two friends had ever laced on a ski up to a few weeks before, and their perilous cross-country run over the 9,000-foot-high pass from Davos, where Doyle's wife was recuperating, to Arosa marked the first time anyone had crossed the pass in wintertime by any means. It was an important first in the establishment of skiing as a sport in Switzerland and it made a significant pioneer of Doyle himself.

A sports enthusiast of many dimensions, the famed author, who was forced by popular demand to revive his dead detective some years later, admitted without undue modesty in his autobiography, *Memories and Adventures*: "There is one form of sport in which I have, I think, been able to do some practical good, for I can claim to have been the first to introduce skis into the Grisons division

of Switzerland, or at least to demonstrate their practical utility as a means of getting across in winter from one valley to another.

"It was in 1894 that I read Nansen's [Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian explorer] account of his crossing of Greenland, and thus became interested in the subject of skiing."

Doyle became acquainted with the Branger brothers in Davos, and he told them about this new sport. Both brothers knew something in theory about skiing and were interested in trying it out. Skis, of course, were not obtainable in Switzerland and the trio had to order three pairs from Norway.

The skis of that era tended to be over-long and somewhat heavy, with no steel edges to hold them true. The bindings were far different from those of today. They consisted for the most part of iron or hard leather flanges linked by straps that supported the toe of a boot and some form of leather thong that held the heel.

When the skis arrived, Doyle and his two friends tried them out on some minor hills around Davos. In Doyle's recollections these early efforts "afforded innocent amusement to a large number of people who watched our awkward movements and complex tumbles."

The Brangers learned much faster than Doyle, but the Englishman was an all-round good athlete and soon became almost as adept as his friends.

After several weeks of practice the three novices felt they had acquired enough expertise to tackle something more difficult: a climb and descent of the Jacobshorn, a fairly high eminence close to the Davos hotel where the Doyle family was residing.

They started on this venture in fine weather shortly after breakfast one day early in March. They carried their skis on their shoulders until they had left the base of the mountain.

"Once in the open we made splendid progress," Doyle recalled. "We had the satisfaction of seeing the flaps in the village dipped in our honour when we reached the summit. But it was only in returning that we got the full flavor of skiing. In ascending you shuffle up by long zigzags, the only advantage of your footgear being that it is carrying you over snow which would engulf you without it. But coming back you simply turn your long toes and let yourself go, gliding delightfully over the gentle slopes, flying down the steeper ones, taking an occasional cropper, but getting as near to flying as any earthbound man can. In that glorious air it is a delightful experience."

Doyle's wife and their children were among the many spectators who observed from balconies and other vantage points the progress of the three men. Their safe return was roundly cheered.

Encouraged by this success, the trio decided its next goal would be the Davos to Arosa pass, a much tougher proposition than the Jacobshorn. Doyle says they wanted "to show the utility" of their Jacobshorn achievement by opening up communications with a village on the other side of the pass.

Arosa lies in a valley parallel to that in which Davos is located. It could be reached during winter months only by a very long and roundabout railway journey. No one had ever tried to cross the pass on foot in wintertime.

Doyle and his friends started out shortly after 4 a.m. one day in late March, with knapsacks containing food on their backs. Maps were not necessary since the Branger brothers knew the topography of the area well. All but adequate winter clothing, for the air was biting. The brothers wore simple woolen caps, sweaters and thick trousers. Their lower legs were encased in puttees and their feet in heavy socks and boots. Doyle was more sartorially im-

Continued



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Elementary *continued*

pressive, wearing, in addition to his sweater, an expensive jacket of the finest Harris tweed and huggy knickerbockers of the same material, topped by a flat cap and a colorful plaid scarf. As usual, he brought along one of his favorite curved pipes and a pouch filled with tobacco.

"A great pale moon hung in the violet sky overhead," he wrote, "brilliant with such a canopy of stars as can be seen only in the tropics or the higher Alps. I have no doubt that what we did would seem absurdly simple to Norwegians or others who were apt at the game, but we had to find things out for ourselves and it was sometimes rather terrifying."

By 7:30 in the morning the trio was slowly zigzagging upward in the lower area of the pass, moving through shadow areas not yet touched by the sun as it tinted the summits. Ahead of them was a 60-degree slope ending in a 1,000-foot perpendicular precipice. The slope was ice, but it had to be crossed. They could not wait for the sun to soften it. Each man had to advance very cautiously, stamping down hard with his skis and planting his poles carefully.

"On our left the snow slope ended in this chasm from which a blue smoke or fog rose in the morning air," Doyle wrote. "I hardly dared look in that direction, but from the corner of my eye I saw the vapour of the abyss. I stamped along and the two gallant Switzers got on my left, so that if I slipped the shock would come upon them. We had no rope by which we could link up."

Reaching the highest point in the pass, they halted briefly. Warmed by a bright sun, they munch on bread, cheese and chocolate bars, washed down by some kirsch that Tobias carried in a small canteen. All were elated. From here on it would be downhill. They took off happily in the direction of Arosa, whose hotel-like chalets could be seen in the fir woods below. The going was generally smooth in fine powder until they reached the crest of a slope just outside the village. At a warning gesture from Tobias, who was in front, all came to an abrupt halt. It was lucky they did, for ahead was an appallingly steep slope, its base close to the outer fringe of the village.

People below had spotted the skiers above and were watching them curiously, wondering what would happen next.

"It looked impassable but the Bran-

gers had poked up a lot in some way of their own," Doyle wrote. "They took off their skis, fastened them together with a thong and on this toboggan they sat, pushing themselves over the edge and going down amid a tremendous spray of flying snow."

Tobias went first on his pair of skis and his brother followed in the same fashion.

"When they had reached safety [amid the cheers and laughter of onlookers] they beckoned me to follow. I had done as they did and I was sitting on my skis preparatory to launching myself when a fearsome thing happened, for my ski shot from under me, flew down the slope and vanished in huge bounds among the snow mounds beyond."

"It was a nasty moment and the poor Brangers stood looking up at me from some hundreds of feet below in a dismal state of mind. However, there was no possible chance as to what to do, so I did it. I let myself go over the edge and came squattering down, with legs and arms extended to check the momentum. A minute later I was rolling covered with snow at the feet of my guides and my skis were found some hundreds of yards away, so no harm was done after all."

There was only a single sad note in this spectacular tale. The Harris tweed covering Doyle's posterior was in shreds, his underwear showing. "My tailor," he said, "tells me that Harris tweed cannot wear out. This is a mere theory and will not stand a thorough scientific test. For the remainder of the day I was happy when I was nearest the wall."

Shortly thereafter Doyle returned to England, but before leaving Davos he uttered some prophetic words regarding Switzerland's skiing future.

"You don't appreciate it as yet," he said, "but the time will come when hundreds of Englishmen will come to this country for the ski-ing season."

And although he considered skis the most "treacherous and capricious lengths of wood on earth," he had some perceptive praise for the sport's psychological aspects. "On any man suffering from too much dignity a course of skis would have a fine moral effect," he said.

Whether Doyle himself ever tried skiing again is not certain. In any case, the skis he used at Davos became a permanent fixture in a corner of the study at his home in England.

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

SOUTH The largest basketball crowd in Florida history—more than 10,000—watched the final of the Sunshine Classic in Jacksonville but missed the night's most dramatic moment because it occurred off court. Shortly after his team lost to Jacksonville 114-108, Florida State Coach Hugh Durham threw his second-place trophy against a wall in the Seminole dressing rooms. Durham's free throw was not prompted by the game. State played well—hitting 57% of its shots—but could not match Jacksonville's ability to get the ball. Artis Gilmore, with 26 rebounds, had just one fewer than the entire Seminole team. No, Durham became disturbed at what Bill Basford, the president of Jacksonville Charities, said during the award ceremony. "We have to give FSU something," he said as he named two Seminoles to the all-tournament team. "The crowd was fine, the hospitality was fine and it was a great evening of basketball," said Durham, "but the presentation was lousy."

Just as all those Archie buttons are becoming obsolete, the merchants and followers of the University of Mississippi have a

new superstar to promote. His name is Johnny Neumann, and he plays, of all things, basketball. The flashy 6'6" sophomore attracted 5,500 fans to the Ole Miss Arena and charmed them with 39 points during the Rebel' 108-96 win over Auburn. Neumann is averaging 40 points a game to lead all Southern scorers and is beginning to receive rave reviews from rival SEC coaches. Says Georgia's Ken Rosemond: "He's been billed as the heir apparent to Pete Maravich, and he deserves it. The kid's for real."

Out East, South Carolina is quickly establishing its power in the Atlantic Coast Conference. The Gamecocks smashed Duke 98-78 in a game that featured a 26-point performance by John Roche. But the ACC should remain interesting this year thanks to two surprise teams, Virginia and North Carolina. For years Virginia settled humbly near the bottom of the conference, awaiting an upset role in the league's postseason tournament. But this winter the Cavaliers have suddenly won their first six games, including the Mountaineer Classic with an overtime victory against West Virginia. It was the school's best start since 1913. North

Carolina also remained unbeaten by upsetting Creighton 106-86.

With just seconds remaining Louisville's Larry Carter stole a Dayton pass at mid-court and drove in for the game-winning (72-70) basket. Said the jubilant hero, "I was just hoping for a cross-court pass."

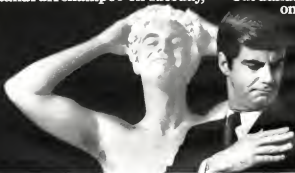
It appeared that for the first time in years the Southern Conference would belong to someone other than Davidson. After all, Mike Malloy had gone to the pros and this season's stars, Guard Bryan Adrian and Center Erik Menkin, were injured. But the Wildcats' dynasty is far from over. They destroyed East Carolina, the preseason favorite, 77-61 for their 34th consecutive victory in the league.

T. S. CAROLINA (12-0) 2, JACKSONVILLE (9-9)

EAST Philadelphia is not one of Jim Harding's favorite cities. The town brings back bleak memories, stemming from the time when he was basketball coach at La Salle and his team was placed on probation by the NCAA for recruiting violations. During the investigation Harding was

continued

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involved in a bitter feud with one of the Philadelphia sports writers. This season, as coach of the University of Detroit, his team boycotted practice for a week. "After the trouble, I must have received 300 favorable letters," Harding said. "Only two were unfavorable. One was from a crackpot in Dubuque—the other was from Philadelphia."

Last week Harding returned to Philadelphia to play against Villanova. This time Harding's antagonist was Chris Ford and the Villanova star turned the game into a one-man show. He scored 28 points, assisted on five baskets, took 12 rebounds and made six steals. The result was an easy 95-67 victory over the Detroit Titans. "The best way I can describe this game is that it was like a preflight," said Harding. "They were missing it up, and we were backpadded."

Ken Durrett, La Salle's 6' 7" senior, played guard, forward and center against Miami (Fla.), scoring 40 points as the Explorers sailed to a 91-77 win. The next night Durrett woke up with stomach pains and was rushed to a hospital, where it was determined that he was suffering from a virus, not appendicitis. Although he had been unable to practice for two days, Durrett scored 27 points to help La Salle past Marshall 76-75.

St. Joseph's went nearly 12 minutes without a field goal in the second half and lost to St. John's 66-53. "Amazing," said Coach Jack McInney. "Shoot like that and get beat by only 13 points."

The brand-new Bearport Tournament was less than a success—only 2,500 fans in the Boston Garden watched the final between Harvard and Boston College. They were rewarded with an exciting finish when BC's Jim O'Brien intercepted a pass with a minute left and the score tied 71-71. With just 10 seconds on the clock O'Brien continued his heroics with a 15-foot game winner.

1. PENN (4-0) 2. VILLANOVA (4-0)

WEST

It is a familiar script whenever Bingham Young sends an athlete team on the road. First there is the demonstration protesting the treatment of blacks, then there is the attempt to cancel the scheduled contest. At Southern Cal last week the USC black student union marched in a circle in front of the student entrance of the Los Angeles Sports Arena chanting "USC, BYU, KKK." The game was played anyway, and maybe the BYU Cougars would have preferred that it had not been. They lost to the Trojans 101-65. Led by a tough defense and Guard Paul Westphal's 32 points, USC was never threatened after getting off to an 18-2 lead. "The best way to show our feelings was by playing as well as we could," concluded USC

Coach Bob Boyd. Westphal scored 19 on Saturday as Southern Cal handled socially more acceptable Arizona State 88-68.

Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe, benched briefly two weeks ago against Rice when they appeared late for the pregame meal, showed up early Friday for UCLA's home opener against Pacific. The two Bruin stars arrived at the table 10 minutes ahead of their coach, John Wooden. Then the Bruins beat Pacific 100-88—a contest that is likely to be repeated in the first round of the NCAA tournament—and Wicks and Rowe combined for 49 points and 20 rebounds. Said a delighted Wooden: "They played as fine as I've ever seen two players perform. They have a tendency, on occasion, to be late getting certain places, but I don't believe that will be much of a problem from now on."

Freddie Goss, at 26, is not much older than the players he coaches at the University of California at Riverside, and his relationship with his team has been that of a tolerant leader. Last year he had no restrictions concerning the length of hair, and he never hassled late arrivals to practice. The Highlanders responded by winning 13 of their last 16 games and finishing third in the NCAA College Division tournament. But when the team lost its first two games this season Goss decided that his permissiveness had been overdone. During a lengthy team meeting he said, according to a squad member, "he was through being a nice guy and that from now on he was going to be a tyrant." Next Goss dropped senior Forward Reggie Greene from the team and announced that he was contemplating other cuts. The Highlanders, not surprisingly, beat troublesome Whitier 85-75.

Just two days after his coach nicknamed him Superman, Long Beach star Ed Ralshell turned his ankle in practice and missed the 49ers' 73-56 win over Valley State. But before the nickname became a campus joke Ralshell set a school record with 45 points as Long Beach defeated St. Mary's 110-76. The following night he added 27 more in an easy 81-73 win over PCAA rival Cal State.

California ran up 15 straight points in the first five minutes against Weber State and then hung on to win San Francisco's Cable Car Classic 75-65.

1. UCLA (4-0) 2. USC (4-0)

MIDWEST

Last summer Coach Maury John spent his evenings in his office on the Drake University campus writing a book about his team's intimidating man-for-man defense. A flyer sent to 20,000 coaches by John's wife described the book as "no filler—all facts." John has nicknamed the defense "belly button," and last week the 7,000 partisans who crammed

into Iowa State's crumbling armory learned to their dismay how effective the belly button could be. State managed only one field goal in the game's first 30 minutes. The Drake Bulldogs eventually won 87-63, and they kept Gene Mack, the Cyclones' leading scorer, from hitting a field goal in the first half.

On Saturday, however, Maury John and his Bulldogs returned home to Des Moines and trouble. The belly button worked fine against four of the Iowa Hawkeye starters, who were held to single figures. But the fifth, Guard Fred Brown, managed 32 points even though he was rested five times during the game because of a sprained ankle. Ironically, it was Brown who finally cost Iowa the game. With only 17 seconds to play and Drake leading 71-70, Brown was awarded two free throws. He missed both. "He was tense, he was hurting and he has nothing to be ashamed of," said Hawkeye Coach Dick Schultz.

Notre Dame, ranked sixth in the nation just ahead of Drake, was also given a scare last weekend. Only two minutes remained and the Irish were trailing St. Louis University 67-61 when Collis Jones scored twice and stole a pass. Then Austin Carr hit a free throw to draw Notre Dame to within one point of the Billikens and finally saved Notre Dame's pride and ranking with a 15-foot jump shot for a 68-67 Irish victory.

Marquette, which had not won its out-of-town opener since 1987, traveled to Minneapolis and reversed its luck. With Jim Chones, a 6' 11" sophomore, grabbing 10 rebounds and scoring 18 points in the second half, Al McGuire's Warriors defeated well-regarded Minnesota 70-61. "You beat the Big Ten on the road and you're really doing something," McGuire said. "Maybe we do deserve to be ranked fourth in the country."

Eighth-ranked Pennsylvania, the East's top team, was also successful on a Big Ten coast. The Quakers overturned a 56-49 Ohio State lead with just seven minutes to play and won with accurate foul shooting by Guards Steve Belsky and Dave Wolf during the final minute 71-64. Earlier in the week Penn walked through New York University 91-62.

Bob Ford scored a game-high 26 points in Purdue's 90-63 win over North Texas State. The following evening Ford, a member of Purdue's glee club, sang *hoo-ma Christmas* concert. He once played the role of Emile de Beauce in a high school production of *South Pacific*. "I like to sing," the 6' 3" junior said. "It's something for me to fall back on, but I don't think I'll make it to Broadway." Maybe not Broadway, but Ford could find himself a block from there come March. The Big Ten has tentatively approved sending a league representative to the NIT at Madison Square Garden.

1. MARQUETTE (4-0) 2. NOTRE DAME (2-1) —SANDY TRIADOFF

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HUDDLE TO HUSTINGS

Sirs:

Pat Ryan's article on Jack Kemp's congressional campaign (*The Making of a Quarterback*, 1970, Dec. 7) is one of the most thoughtful pieces of sports journalism I have ever read. It is an important contribution to sports literature and must reading for anyone attempting to understand the role sport plays in contemporary American society.

JACK SCOTT
Director
Institute for the Study
of Sport and Society

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

Football is a great sport but not great enough to enable Jack Kemp to influence the furthest sport of them all, politics.

GORDON LIGHT

Miami Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

I was appalled by the manner in which Kemp was packaged and sold to the voters in New York's 39th District. I was also dismayed to learn that Kemp's politics display the kind of mindless flag-waving attitude that is leading this country to its downfall. But then, Kemp was a burnt quarterback for the Chargers, so there is no reason why he shouldn't be a burnt quarterback for the nation. I hope he gets sacked in '72, but good.

LARRY MINDEWITZ

Santa Cruz, Calif.

Sirs:

SI and Pat Ryan, I'm ashamed of you! To make Jack Kemp look like a political puppet is just not telling it like it is. I've known this utterly wholesome gentleman for many years. Lazy, aloof, a talk-a-lot-say-nothing person? Never! I would like to see anyone try to mess up his hair—or his ideals—or his sincerity. We need politicians like Jack Kemp. He is someone we can believe, and believe in.

MARLEAH BURNS

Williamsville, N.Y.

Sirs:

I enjoyed the *Letter from the Publisher* (Dec. 7) about the color ethics in politics, but if there is a sequel to *The Violent World of Sam Hogg*, it should be on CBS, not ABC. I produced (and titled) the original in 1960 as a part of the CBS News series, *The Twentieth Century*.

BURTON BENJAMIN
Senior Executive Producer
CBS News

New York City

A VOTE FOR JERRY

Sirs:

Once a winner, always a winner; so be it with Jerry Lucas (*Mellow Wine in a New Bottle*, Dec. 7). I was playing high school sports here in Toledo about the time Jerry was playing for Middletown, and I can't remember any of my teammates who didn't look up to Jerry and want to be like him. I also have talked to people who played against Jerry and have never heard a word of criticism. For a person who has been in the spotlight as long as he has, that is an accomplishment.

Jerry probably felt that the world was falling in on him during his financial troubles, but the contributions that he has made to the sports world couldn't be bought with any sum of money.

LARRY OHLERS

Toledo

SIGN OF THE RAMS

Sirs:

Hats off to Tex Maule for being the first sportswriter this season to do the Los Angeles Rams justice (*How the West Was Won*, Dec. 7). He showed that a healthy Ram club can win when it must.

DAVE NEAL

Woodland Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

Tex Maule's story makes it sound as though the Rams played like supermen. On television, it was hard to see the Rams' "dominance" of the game until Nettles intercepted a fourth-quarter pass on the 19. As for Roman Gabriel and his fantastic effort, huh, seven for 21. That's kind of a footballish Marv Throneberry effort.

The Ram defense deserves credit, yes, but the first two Ram offensive sets of downs looked as though they were designed by a retarded catfish. The 49ers weren't playing like champions either, but I'll lay odds the Rams won't make the Super Bowl.

BOB COMA

Vancouver, Wash.

Sirs:

How Tex can even imagine that the Giants will lose to L.A. is beyond comprehension.

DAVID DRYFUS

Valley Stream, N.Y.

BEST IN THE WEST

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey captured Coach Billy Reay (*Two Worlds Against the Black Hawks*, Dec. 7) like a camera takes a picture.

JOHNATHAN SCHOLLER

Terre Haute, Ind.

Sirs:

Man for man, the Black Hawks are the best in the West, if not the league. It won't be a Happy New Year for their opponents.

MICHAEL WELLS

Lombard, Ill.

SNOWMOBILE POWER

Sirs:

I found the comments on snowmobiles in *SCOUTCARD* (Nov. 9) most interesting but would like to point out that Skirose Limited, Wackham, Quebec, a division of The Coleman Company, Inc., was the first snowmobile manufacturer to announce that it would reduce the power of its 1970-71 machines. All Skirose made for consumers now have a power range below 440 cc's. Limiting of power was a voluntary measure taken to encourage the same and safe use of these popular machines.

LAWRENCE M. JONES

Vice-President

The Coleman Company, Inc.

Wichita, Kans.

RUGGED ALTERNATIVE

Sirs:

Thanks to Dan Levin for an article (*Farewell and Come Back*, *Fiji*, Dec. 7) that captures something of the rugged mystique. Hopefully Americans will embrace a rugged and vigorous sport that offers postgraduate athletic activity and camaraderie beyond those twin screens of middle age, the golf course and the color TV set.

RICHARD C. MELLON JR.

President

University of Tennessee Rugby Club
Knoxville, Tenn.

METAL BAT

Sirs:

Your tongue-in-cheek comments (*SCOUTCARD*, Dec. 7) concerning the latest development in baseball equipment were hardly what we have come to expect from the nation's most progressive sports publication. There is no problem when using our aluminum bat on a cold day in March. It comes with a specially developed grip, similar to that of a tennis racket or golf club.

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GORDON S. HOLLYWOOD

Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

River Grove, Ill.

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